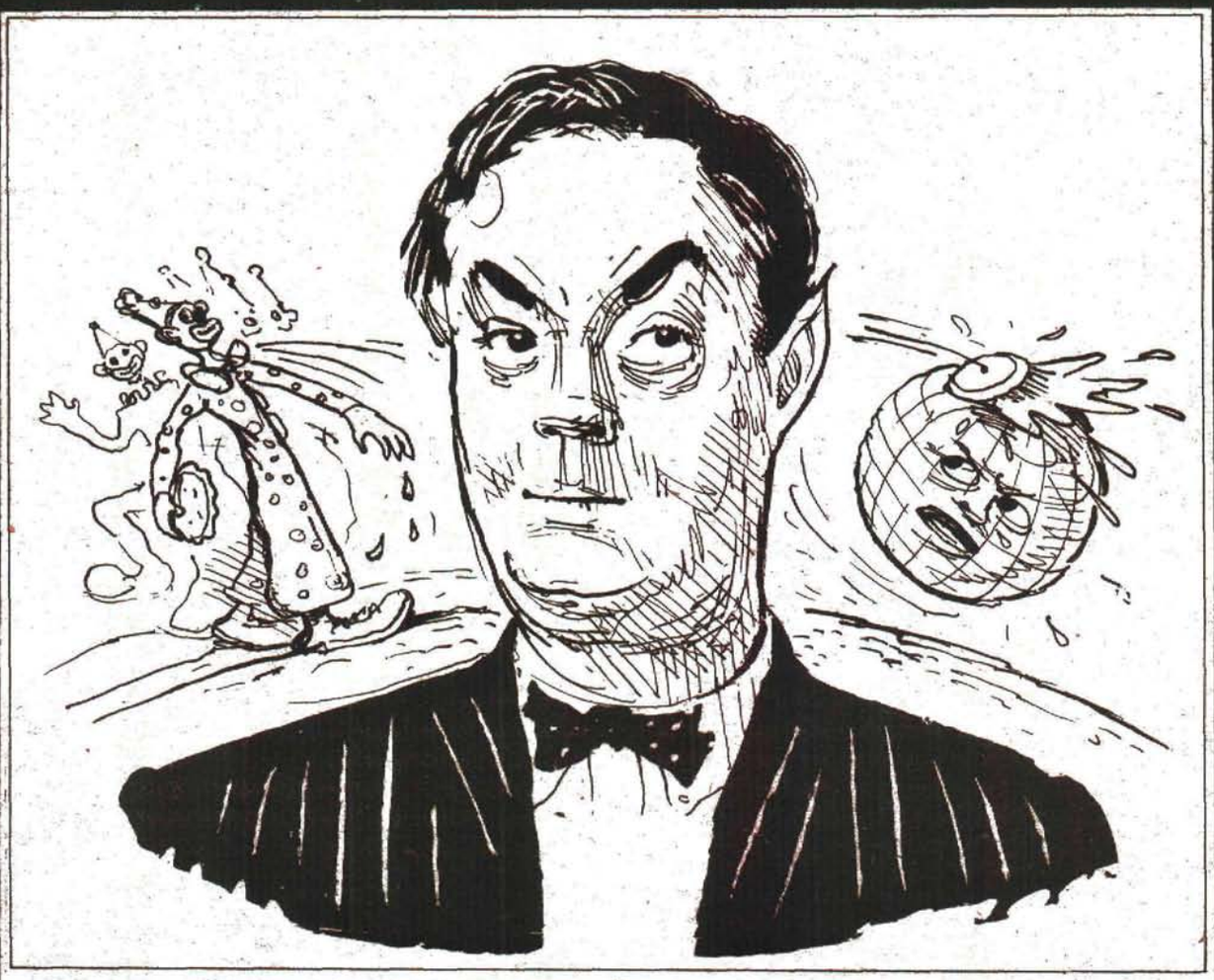
the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR



Happy Hour at the United Nations: The Importance of Moynihan

Peregrine Worsthorne
on British Unions

Malcolm Muggeridge
on Albion Agonistes

For God, for Country & for Peanut Butter
by John R. Coyne, Jr.

February 1976 • Volume 9, Number 5

The Continuing Crisis

■ December witnessed a decided reduction in the persistent and annoying propensity of Americans to confuse ex-President John F. Kennedy with Pope John XXIII. On the other hand, the revelations of author Richard Condon, who spent fifteen years researching Mr. Kennedy's veneries, and of *Time* magazine, which portrayed Mr. Kennedy as an activist President beyond Warren G. Harding's wildest hopes and dreams, lend new significance to the naming of Washington, D.C.'s cultural temple the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

■ According to Mr. Condon, Mr. Kennedy—ever the amateur historian—kept a record documenting that he had established diplomatic relations with 903 women by the time he entered the Senate. By the time he became President he had passed the 1500 mark. Reporting in London's scholarly *News of the World* the distinguished British researcher asserted that Mr. Kennedy, who as a candidate had promised to "get America moving again," actually "made love to three women on the morning of his inauguration." *Time*'s account chronicled the President's taste for stenographers, airline stewardesses, and Hollywood *artistes*, but also supplied an impressive explanation for what some wowsers might dismiss as juvenescent gluttony. According to *Time*, President Kennedy in 1962 confided to British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and Foreign Minister R.A. Butler that "if he went too long without a woman, he suffered headaches."

■ This veritable Vesuvius of historical data gushed out as controversial columnist William Safire accused the Church Committee of a "cover-up" for neglecting to dwell at any length on the sex; age, professional experience, and gangland connections of Judith Inmoor Campbell, a reputedly highly paid girdle model from the late 1950s who visited the intellectual Kennedy in 1961 and 1962. Described exiguously as a "close friend" in the committee report, Mrs. Campbell, now living in semi-retirement in a San Diego trailer, became the center of a media pother which quieted only after she demurely called a press conference to clear her good name and those of her former friends Sam (Momo) Giancana, deceased; John Roselli, currently fighting deportation proceedings; and Mr. Kennedy. The lovely Mrs. Campbell scotched many ugly suspicions when she divulged that "My relationship with Jack Kennedy was of a close personal nature and did not involve conspiratorial shenanigans of any kind." And in a touching show of lingering affection, her first husband rushed to her support, stating: "I couldn't imagine her being privy to any kind of secret information. She wouldn't understand it anyway. I mean let me put it this way. They weren't dealing with some kind of Phi Beta Kappa." And so it is that Judith Inmoor Campbell becomes the latest ingénue of Camelot, another romantic figure to be remembered along with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Richard Goodwin, and so many other fondly remembered names from that fabulous epoch.

■ The Glorious Ninety-fourth Congress confected and President Gerald (Jerry) Ford signed an energy bill that combines the worst of both worlds. It will make domestic oil cheaper—and of course scarcer—and Arab oil more plentiful—and of course more enthralling—a prodigious achievement by the geniuses on the Potomac and a boon to the Sheiks. Elsewhere in the country Federal Judge Thomas J. MacBride showed merciless disrespect for freedom of expression when he sentenced the willowy and concerned Miss Lynette Alice Fromme to the maximum term of life imprisonment for attempting to kill President Ford. The sentence ignited a flash of apprehension throughout the nation's penal system, for in the same week the prattling and repugnant Miss Sara Jane Moore turned in a plea of guilty for the same act, and who would want to spend the rest of his or her life with that nincompoop? Possibly the French could be induced to reopen Devil's Island, but then even the Devil deserves some consideration. Perhaps she could be sentenced to serve as American Ambassador to Mr. Idi Amin's Uganda. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence continued to produce results. A committee report revealed that every President since Mr. Franklin Roosevelt has misused the FBI—Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Johnson most promiscuously.

■ The Kingdom of a Million Elephants is getting a new name. Henceforth it will be known as the People's Democratic Republic of Laos—another inauspicious venture at coalition government. Detente seems to be humming along fluently, though the United States was caught committing the *malum in se* of pumping $27 million into Angola, presumably to thwart the good works of the Cuban and Russian Red Cross agencies. Back in the Western Hemisphere Premier Fidel Castro lent substance to Senator George McGovern's recent assertion that Cuba desires closer relations with the United States when he affirmed his interest in establishing those relations in about one hundred years.

■ In Nairobi, Kenya the general assembly of the illustrious World Council of Churches set some remarkable precedents by ignoring its own operating rules to elect its first two women and its first Russian as presidents. When asked about the condition of religion in his homeland the pious Russian church leader, Orthodox Archbishop Metropolitan Nikodim, replied that the church "strives for service of neighbor, and this applies to our brothers in the faith in our own country." How typically World-Council-of-Churchesish and how important that the Rev. Nikodim should be made a president now, for at this very moment there is an inscrutable outbreak of insanity afflicting Lithuanian Catholics who are perforce shipped by the carload to Moscow's highly advanced psychiatric hospitals. Many of these "brothers in the faith" write unappreciative philippics to the Central Committee of the Lithuanian Communist Party, and others are seized with a frightening passion to raise crosses and unsightly statues in their villages—bizarre manifestations of religious fervor, as any right-thinking member of the World Council will admit. Meanwhile back in the United States something of the World Council's profound canonics was seen at the funeral of John S. Knight III, the slain millionaire whose apartment contained recordings of homosexual encounters, pictures of naked boys, and evidence of drug traffic and of Knight's involvement with Philadelphia's "leather set." Eulogized the Rev. Robert Potts over Mr. Knight's remains: "he had a zest for life and lived adventures we only dream of." Such are the grand dreams of the progressive shamans of the World Council of Churches!

■ The egalitarian fever hit Bippus, Indiana when Miss Linda K. Garshiler, prospective teacher, filed suit in Federal court contending that a nearby school system had discriminated against her by refusing to hire her solely because she is blind. She is asking $25,000 damages. And the entrepreneurial fever hit New York City, when social worker Michael Chico was arrested on a subway wearing a fur coat, a blue dress, a blue wide-brimmed hat, red platform shoes, and carrying a handbag. According to Mr. Chico he "wanted to make a political statement concerning sex and gender in our society." And according to his lawyers his arrest should cost the Transit Authority $5,000 in damages. The Solomons of the state's Supreme Court are pondering the case.

■ Producers of junk foods let out a yell on December 29 when Mr. Euell Gibbons, the ideologue of natural foods, astonished his admirers and passed on to Glory. The deceased—author of *Stalking the Wild Asparagus*, *Stalking the Blue-Eyed Scallop*, *Beachcomber's Handbook*, *Feast on a Diabetic Diet*, and similar diatribes—was 64, three years short of the average life expectancy of those American males whom he regularly berated for eating Wonder bread and other calamitous confections. The cause of death remained shrouded in secrecy, though he was known to have developed an ulcer in the summer of 1974, a source of nagging ill-humor to this really rather violent advocate of fruits, nuts, and what are generally considered nuisance weeds by the vast majority of Americanoes.

■ In New Orleans only one person responded to Miss Leah Edwards' calls for help as she chased two youthful purse snatchers. After a seven-block chase and many cries for help, an unidentified man, responding to her cries, tripped her. On Chicago's South Side scores of motorists effulgent with Christmas spirit ignored pleas for help from two service station attendants who lay bound and robbed. Instead they helped themselves to some four hundred gallons of gasoline. One of the attendants reported that, "Several customers came in. One man came in with $2 to pay for his gas. He looked at me and I said, 'Man, untie me, get the police.' He put the money back in his pocket, grabbed a bunch of cigarettes and told me that help was on the way. Then he returned to his car, filled it up with gas and drove away." Somehow our society has deeply failed these motorists, alas! —*RET*

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5 **Working with Moynihan**.....**Leonard Garment** 5
6 **What the United Nations Can Accomplish**.....**Daniel Patrick Moynihan** 6
10 **Albion Agonistes**.....**Malcolm Muggeridge** 10
12 **The English Crisis: II. The Unions**.....**Peregrine Worsthorne** 12
17 **Cloudy Evidence about Air Pollution**.....**J. Stark** 17
18 **Government Can't Create Jobs**.....**Alan Reynolds** 18

Departments

2 **The Continuing Crisis**..... 2
4 **Editorial**.....**R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.** 4
8 **The Nation's Pulse**.....**Peter J. Rusthoven** 8
16 **The Great American Saloon Series**.....**Ivory Jas. Anderson** 16
22 **The Talkies**.....**Robert Asahina** 22
26 **Among the Intellectualoids**.....**J. Whitney Stillman** 26
28 **The Business of America**.....**A. Lawrence Chickering** 28
31 **Brudnoy's Film Index**.....**David Brudnoy** 31
35 **The Bootblack Stand**.....**George Washington Plunkitt** 35
36 **The Public Policy**.....**Adam Meyerson** 36
38 **Current Wisdom**.....**Assorted Jackasses** 38

Reviews

20 ***Execution Eve: And Other Contemporary Ballads***.....**John R. Coyne, Jr.** 20
23 ***The New Conservatives: A Critique from the Left***.....**Dale Vree** 23
27 ***Street Corner Conservative***.....**D.F. Rodgers** 27
30 ***Reading Rawls: Critical Studies of* A Theory of Justice**.....**Roger Pilon** 30
32 **Briefly Recommended**..... 32
34 ***The Conditions of Freedom: Essays in Political Philosophy***.....**George Carey** 34

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The Alternative: An American Spectator *was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic beer in McSorley's Old Ale House. Originally published on restroom walls, only since 1967 has it come under purview of the Saturday Evening Club, which publishes it monthly except July and September at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana.*

A one-year subscription (ten issues) costs $8, outside the United States $9. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to The Alternative, *P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.*

Microfilm editions of The Alternative *are available from Xerox University Microfilms, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin—and yes, sex, even sex.

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Volume 9, Number 5, February 1976.

Editorial/R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The Thug as Rotarian

As with so many things, there is in art a synergism, a collaboration between the artist and the fragrances, the wails, the rhythms of his environment. The artist, if he is worth his salt, has one ear cocked towards the chatter and bustle of the living. He inhales life in voluptuous gulps. What he exhales, he palms off to the highest bidder. All this is common knowledge and demands no further commentary. What might be worth a few moments of meditation is how often the artist has collaborated with the criminal inhabitants of this orb and how absurd this collaboration has become during this glorious epoch in the American saga.

Succinctly stated, there is in the works of most artists a curious hankering for the louse element; it is a hankering shared by their audiences. In *Beyond Good and Evil* the indelicate Mr. Friedrich Nietzsche put it just so when he observed that writers "are in the habit of taking the side of criminals." He might have added that so are readers and even non-readers, a point tellingly demonstrated by John Millington Synge in his masterpiece *The Playboy of the Western World*. In that grand play a wretched youth walks into a strange Irish village, allows as how he has killed his father, and becomes a figure of awe. How redolent of the Bernsteins and their Black Panther soirées; how reminiscent of our popular fascination with the Mansonites.

There is today a widespread enchantment with what is squalid and iniquitous. It inheres through all classes, but it seems to be especially rampant amongst the upper classes and the better educated, that is to say amongst those least exposed to the unpleasantness of squalor and iniquity. One could see it all emerging earlier in the century when *vox populi* glamorized swine like Mr. Dillinger and Mr. Capone, and when suave degenerates began to wander into the works of the O'Neills and the Hemingways. Often the art was genuine, and the insights could even be edifying; but as the years have passed and as the lout motif has become more brazen, its significance has become increasingly meretricious.

During the 1930s Steinbeck often wrote as though a paisano wino, moonlighting as a thug, were one of the higher forms of Homo sapiens. Deadbeats came off as prelectors of moral philosophy, and ladies of the night were so often likened to the Little Sisters of Charity that by the 1950s many college boys believed that the remuneration received by the ladies went directly to the United Fund. Many tipped the girls handsomely, and doubtless there was always a gullible businessman inquiring as to whether or not his payments were tax deductible.

Perhaps our present fascination with the louse element is no greater than in years past, but I know for a certitude that it deals with even more wicked varieties of criminals and that it is even more ill-conceived. Nowadays the literary set from Queens to Needles, California is regularly set atwitter by tales of murderers, sadistic pederasts, kidnappers, and other such species of desperadoes. All are served up as tortured, sensitive, creative souls—the ideal companions for one's literary teas or for TV chatter shows. If the trend continues I have no doubt that soon one of our mass murderers will be costumed as a modern Faust, adorned with the rarest percipience. Perhaps even the villainous Nixon will some day become the stuff of literature, though I doubt that this particular breakthrough will come in our lifetimes. Until then we shall have to settle for the touching stories of John Dean and Jeb Stuart Magruder.

I cite the above not out of any moral prissiness or philistinism, but rather because I find it all ironic and nonsensical. How peculiar that a nation whose upper classes are currently enthralled in a dither of goody-goodyism should be so obviously fascinated with the doings of swindlers, butchers, and other such ambidextrous rogues! How moronic that writers should romanticize them! Truth to tell, the run-of-the-mill scoundrel is not in and of himself any more interesting than a midwestern professor of sociology or a male hairdresser. Most have little to say that is not arrantly self-serving and stupid. In this they are even more blatant than the dozens of Presidential candidates at large in America today. Some have managed to mimic the flummeries of left-liberal enlightenment, but this only leaves them sounding like editorialists from the *Nation* or the *Progressive*, and whoever found those neurotic sheets interesting?

The lives of most criminals are vulgar beyond belief. The literary set might romanticize them as heroic dissidents from the bourgeois sludge but can you imagine a clod of tawdrier tastes than, say, Joey Gallo, the subject of innumerable columns, a book, and now a Hollywood movie? Long hours in the archives have convinced me that the consumer preferences of the late Mr. Dillinger were indistinguishable from those of millions of Babbitts. Huey Newton's tastes fall in somewhere between those of Elton John and our present Vice President, he of the $35,000 bed. What piquant thoughts has Elmer Wayne Henley or Richard Speck ever recorded? The asseverations of Clifford Irving, the poor fish caught *flagrante delicto* peddling a bogus autobiography, are regularly served up on the idiot hour on National Public Radio, yet I have never heard one that was more challenging than the maunderings of William O. Douglas, and when it comes to taste Douglas is a veritable aristocrat beside the trashy Irving. Let me state it here and now: notwithstanding the celebrity and commiseration sloshed on them by the educated classes and the literati, I would be willing to bet my antique toothbrush with the genuine mahogany handle that the louse element consumes more nauseating cologne, more mod or double-knit rubbish, and more trendy gadgetry than any other element in our society. Members of the lit set reflexively hold their noses when Jerry Ford comes to mind, but I doubt there is an inhabitant of one penitentiary in the land whose aesthetic sense is any higher.

Now if the literati have rhapsodized the louse element it has been left to the social scientists to marshal the statistics and the syllogisms. As a result, for many years giddy social scientists have been earning tenure by actively promoting the most insolent rogues as victims of a cruel and corrupt system. Often their treatises wholly depart from the statistics and assume the nature of poetry. Many of these learned men actually impair their health ranting at college students about how rapists and muggers are really very nice if sorely oppressed people. Some thugs are portrayed as romantics possessed of a *joie de vivre* that would leave Hubert Humphrey looking like a sourpuss. Others are nascent geniuses of surpassing creativity who in another world would dwarf the achievements of Shakespeare and of Beethoven. We are faced with an army of ignorant or malign intellectuals playing on the average man's natural fascination with the criminal and foisting a vast fraud upon us all. Humbug on it.

If the truth be known, the average American criminal is actually no more a figure of romance than the average member of the Chamber of Commerce. The average criminal is just a shrewd go-getter who has discovered what James Q. Wilson has been admonishing against for years: to wit, crime pays. The statistics are clear. If one commits a felonious crime in America today one is almost 98 percent certain of avoiding the slammer. The crime rate from 1960 to 1970 went up 144%, yet fewer persons served prison terms in 1970 than in 1960. One may be inconvenienced by some red tape and perhaps even the bother of an appearance in court, but how does that differ from the daily experience of a small businessman or a doctor confronted by a local regulatory agency? In fact, the experience is often more comfortable for the alleged felon than for the doctor, especially if the presiding judge is one of those who believes criminals are "sick" or victimized. The eminent Mr. Ramsey Clark doubts that "we achieve one conviction for every

(*continued on page 37*)

The Alternative: An American Spectator • February 1976 • Volume 9, Number 5

Leonard Garment

Working with Moynihan

Editor's Note

Some years past, St. Martin's Press published a little book entitled Action This Day: Working with Churchill. *In it, men who had toiled closely with the wartime Prime Minister reminisced about their service with him during those grim days. It was an interesting book, because these were interesting men, serving an interesting man, during interesting times. Recently, while at lunch with—among others—Leonard Garment, Counselor to Ambassador Moynihan's delegation at the UN, the talk ran from Churchill and the Second World War to Moynihan and the Third World Dizziness, and I was moved to ask this sentient and intelligent man to lay down some reflections on what it was like to work with Moynihan amidst the quotidian blitz of spitballs and paper airplanes that lend such dignity to the General Assembly.*

There stood Moynihan, eloquent in his defense of principle—no, eloquent in his defense of civilization. He used words as though discourse mattered. And in some small way he may have reminded Americans that we were born of a declaration and bred under a constitution. Notwithstanding the mountebanks who hold forth on the Potomac today, words and principles have mattered throughout our history, and they matter today. They must matter if a democracy is to function.

What follows is Leonard Garment's brief reminiscence.—RET

Memorandum to: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
From: Leonard Garment
Subject: "Working with Moynihan"

This is the way we do things in the United States Government. By memorandum. The form solves most problems of style. And it's just you and me.

Even if I were inclined to talk about the private life of Pat Moynihan, there would be little to say. He's a big, warm Irish guy, very much the same in private as in public, who sticks close to his family, friends, and some old-fashioned ideas. No big secrets. Tough. No one at the United Nations was sleeping better because Moynihan was there. He is the kind of man Bernard Levin described in the *New York Times* (December 16): "in a fight over an issue that counts, he knows where to put the razor blades in the potatoes."

In fairness it should be said that Moynihan can do the quietly effective things that diplomats are supposed to do. (He did them in India for two years.) The truth, however, is that this was not his intention when he took the United Nations job. And it was no secret. You'll remember that before he was appointed he published an article in *Commentary* (March 1975) called "The United States in Opposition" where he declared his hope that the American United Nations spokesman would come to be "feared for the truths he might tell" and would "shout to the heavens" the case for liberty. He didn't change his mind after his appointment. When I came to work for him last August, he laid out his general plan of action in these terms: *Let's not worry about getting fired. As a matter of fact, let's try in a responsible way to get fired. That's the only hope we have of doing a few useful things while we are here.*

As a consequence, he was cheerfully loose in the job. His lack of concern about guarding his tongue or position was put on public display at 9:45 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, when he presided over a meeting of the United States delegation members, staff officers, and secretaries, lecturing on the United Nations' follies of the moment, inviting information and disagreement, wisecracking, evenhandedly denouncing the "Stalinoid sons of bitches" in other delegations (named), and the "disgraceful" action of one or another high-ranking official in the United States Government (also named). He kept strange hours, talked to strange groups, slept fitfully, napped randomly, and did most of his own work. He wrote his own major speeches and cables. He knew precisely where he wanted to take his Mission. And he was passionate in his belief that the success in doing so depended on words—reading, writing, delivering, dissecting words. He was the first Ambassador since Adlai Stevenson who truly grasped the importance of words, and he had the nerve and the skill to use language to bring about a complete reversal of the United States' role at the United Nations.

It has been said that Moynihan's strategy from the start was to seek a confrontation with the Third World. The reverse is true. His intention was to challenge the totalitarian states at the level of language and ideology while seeking common substantive ground with the Third World. Again the *Commentary* article: "[T]here exists the strongest possibility of an accommodating relationship [with Third World countries] at the level of principle—a possibility that does not exist at all with the totalitarian powers as they are now constituted." The first major performance of the United States Mission under Moynihan was faithful to these words. The United States played a key

role in the unexpected success of the Seventh Special Session, a meeting devoted to economic issues of crucial importance to the Third World, which ended in a resolution adopted without a dissenting vote. Moynihan not only directed the United States' operation, but personally conceived, drafted, and jammed thrugh the State Department's clearance process a comprehensive United States working paper that made this success possible. Every officer at the United States Mission familiar with the workings of the Special Session—whether personally friendly or antagonistic to Moynihan—will confirm that at the moment of his intervention the conference was stymied and drifting toward failure.

As you know, the spirit of the Special Session did not last long. Oil, antisemitism, and Soviet manipulation introduced the Zionism resolution, a lunatic inversion so identifiably evil and so perversely unpredictable in its consequences that its adoption may come to mark a point of no return for the United Nations. There was an assortment of other defeats for the West but nothing so grotesque as this return to the language of the Nazis. Against these defeats stands the discovery that the old ideas of freedom and pride of country still have the power to move and rally and unify. And the discovery of a voice... Again, Bernard Levin's words: "Mr. Moynihan has begun to sound the trumpet to end a long retreat; it sounds sweet in my ears, and I suspect that it may awaken echoes long silent in the minds of many who have almost ceased to hope."

Let's hope so. □

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

What the United Nations Can Accomplish

(Ambassador Moynihan, United States Representative to the United Nations, gave the following statement at the close of the Thirtieth Session of the UN General Assembly, December 17, 1975.)

Mr. President,

None will learn with surprise that for the United States, at very least, the Thirtieth General Assembly has been a profound, even alarming disappointment. This splendid hall has since the opening of the Assembly been repeatedly the scene of acts which we regard as abominations. We have not sought to conceal this view. Nor is it our view alone. Throughout the world individuals and governments have observed this General Assembly with dismay.

Unquestionably, our distress was deepened by the contrast between this regular Assembly session, and the Special Session which preceded it. In the recent history, perhaps in the whole history of the United Nations, there has not been a more striking, even exhilarating example of what the General Assembly can accomplish than the example of the Seventh Special Session. In two weeks of intensive, determined, and hard-headed negotiations, we worked out a set of principles and programs for the economic advance of the poorer nations of the world that will take us a decade to put into practice. The United States took a lead in this enterprise: from the opening statement of the Secretary of State to the concluding dense and detailed agreement, which incorporated no fewer than 28 proposals we had initially set forth.

In the general debate of the Thirtieth Session that followed, one speaker after another rose to extol the achievement of the Special Session. Praise was unanimous: from every bloc, from nations of every size and condition. The Assembly was honored this year by the visit of His Majesty King Olav of Norway, who appropriately made the last such general statement: "The successful conclusion of the Seventh Special Session of the General Assembly has initiated a universal and co-operative process to effect changes in international economic relations which may have a far-reaching impact on the daily life of millions around our globe."

Both Assemblies are now concluded, and the time is at hand to ask whether anything can be learned from them. For we do not want them forgotten. To the contrary, there are events that occurred in the Thirtieth Assembly which the United States will never forget. Even so, we turn our attention just now to the question of whether it will be possible to avoid such events in the future. In that spirit, we would like to offer two general comments. We offer them in a spirit of reconciliation and of shared concern. We are trying to learn, and we ask if others will not seek to learn with us.

The first lesson is the most important, which is that the General Assembly has been trying to pretend that it is a parliament, which it is not. It is a conference made up of representatives sent by sovereign governments which have agreed to *listen* to its recommendations—recommendations which are, however, in no way binding. It is usual to use the term "recommendatory" to describe the Assembly's powers, but for present purposes it seems more useful simply to say that there has been an agreement to take into consideration, to listen to, such proposals as the Assembly may make. For this directs our attention to the reality that unless such recommendations have the effect of persuading, they have no effect at all. Resolutions that condemn, that accuse, that anathematize do not bring us any nearer to agreement. They have the opposite effect.

Hence the lesson of the Seventh Special Session. What took place among us on that occasion was a negotiation. It was self-evident—money is said to clear the mind!—that no party to the negotiation was going to pay the least subsequent attention to any proposal to which he had not agreed. On the other hand, the authority of the unanimous agreement reached at the end of the session was very considerable. The United Nations on that occasion had served as a setting for reaching consensus—a very different thing from recording division, which is what so often happens.

Why is this lesson not self-evident, as it clearly was to those who drafted the Charter? Here we come to the second of the general comments the United States would wish to offer in this closing statement. It is not an agreeable matter of which we now speak, nor yet one easily explained. Yet we must make the effort to state our views fully if we are to ask others to seek to understand them.

The crisis of the United Nations is not to be found in the views of the majority of its members. Rather, it resides in the essential incompatibility of the system of government which the Charter assumes will rule the majority of its members, and the system of government to which the majority in fact adheres.

The Charter assumes that most of the members of the General Assembly will be reasonably representative governments, committed at home no less than abroad to the maintenance of representative institutions.

It may be asked: How do we know? The answer has no greater—or lesser—authority than that of history and experience. The Charter was conceived by an embattled American President and his British comrade-in-arms. American statesmen helped to draft the Charter American scholars may just possibly claim pre-eminence in their study and interpretation of the Charter: Certainly the bulk of such scholarship has been American. This is not perhaps surprising Among the nations of the world we are the one most to be identified with constitutional government, in the sense of a written charter setting forth the powers and duties of government, a charter that is repeatedly amended and continuously

interpreted. We would like to think that our long and really quite dedicated concern with constitutional representative government has given us at least some sense of such matters.

There are others whose experience of representative government is just as long, or just as intense, and we feel that such nations may also be expected to speak with knowledge and insight: They have, in a sense, earned the right to do so.

Such nations, or more accurately, the governments of such nations, being of necessity sensitive to the nature of their own national institutions, will be similarly sensitive to the claims made by larger, multinational bodies. Observe, for example, the great care and lengthy debate which has attended the development of multinational bodies among the nations of Western Europe. Genuine power, true authority, has been transfered from national to international bodies, but only with great and deserved caution. The parliaments of European nations slowly satisfied themselves that political and social conditions in that region had indeed evolved to the point where individuals were prepared, for certain purposes, to submit to the authority of supranational bodies. But they came to this judgment slowly, and on the basis of fact.

Those who have submitted to this discipline—and obviously, at the level of individuals, this is not a variety of understanding confined to citizens of parliamentary states—will readily enough understand that the General Assembly has not attained to anything like the degree of acceptance and authority among its constituent members that warrants any transfer of genuine power of a parliamentary nature. Now, and for the foreseeable future, it can only be a recommendatory body: a conference which adopts positions to which governments have agreed to listen. There is a certain evolution in these matters, and clearly the General Assembly has made some tiny movement in a parliamentary direction. But to pretend we are further than we are will serve only to set back what progress has in truth been made.

This goes to the question of legitimacy. What powers does an assembly have? How have they been conferred? How is it periodically reconfirmed that the population—be it of individuals or governments or whatever—over which such powers are exercised does indeed consent to that exercise?

This process—of definition, of conferral, of confirmation—is the essence of a representative institution. Those who understand it will readily enough understand what can and cannot be accomplished through the instrumentality of the General Assembly.

And now to the heart of the matter. Many governments—most governments—now represented in the General Assembly seem disposed to use this body as if it had powers which the General Assembly does not have, to enforce policies of a nature which the General Assembly ought not, at this stage, even to consider. It took our eighteenth-century Congress well into the nineteenth century before it felt that political society in America had advanced to the point where an income tax could be imposed, and even then the act was declared unconstitutional, so that Congress was forced to await the twentieth century to successfuly impose such a tax in peacetime. Now some see that as progress; others do not. But all see that the evolution of true consent is the first process of effective government. By contrast, before its third decade was out the General Assembly of the United Nations was proclaiming a New International Economic Order.

There is a reason for this, of which we speak at the risk of offense, but having no desire to offend. The reason is that most of the governments represented in the General Assembly do not themselves govern by consent. Assemblies for them, and for their peoples, are places in which decrees are announced. Where it is felt that "majorities" are needed to attest to

the decree, well, such majorities are readily enough summoned.

We put the simple test. In how many of the 144 members of the United Nations is there a representative body which both has the power, and periodically exercises the power, of rejecting a decision of the government? Only a handful. By one competent count, there are now 28, possibly 29, functioning representative democracies in the world, and one is not a member of the UN. Such governments will by instinct pay the greatest heed to winning consent, including winning consent in the General Assembly. Consent is the very essence of their being. Other governments will not pay such heed. At home they rule by decree, and it seems wholly natural to seek to emulate the same practice in the General Assembly.

We dare to believe that this reality is better known and understood in this Assembly than it might at first appear. If only a handful of the nations represented here have representative governments today, most of them—truly!—have had such in the life of the United Nations. This is a mournful fact for those of us committed to democratic institutions. At their height, perhaps fifteen years ago, there were two or three times as many democratic governments in the world as there are today. But this very fact suggests that there are still memories in most of the nations of the world as to just what representative institutions were like, and that correspondingly there exists a much more widespread understanding of their nature than might at first appear.

Let it be clear that we do not entertain any delusions about a grand revival of democracy. We do not expect a reversal of its decline in the near term. (What we do hope to see, and hope to encourage, is more societies which will do something to protect some civil rights even if they deny most political rights.) But we do think it is possible for there to be a greater understanding among members at large of the nature of a representative institution and the corresponding limits of the General Assembly. We would seek this understanding not to restrict what the United Nations can accomplish, but rather to accentuate the positive, and concentrate on real possibilities, rather than to squander the opportunity that does exist by the mindless pretense of legislative omnipotence.

It may be true that this objective would be well served if a "parliamentary caucus" were established within the General Assembly. This would be a group of nations, constituted, let us say, along the lines of the membership criteria of the Council of Europe, which would attend not so much to policy issues as to institutional ones. Its concern would be to seek to encourage those practices and approaches which enhance the effectiveness of the General Assembly, and to discourage—both by example, and by pronouncement—those which do not.

Surely we might especially hope to do this in the area of human rights. Let us accept the fact that the ideal of liberal democracy has sustained huge losses in the last decade. It is not likely that more than a few nations which are not democracies today will become democracies in the course of the last quarter of the century, so that we must expect continued difficulties in the General Assembly of the sort I have described. Very well then, let us concentrate on things we can do. Of these, the most important is that of establishing some minimal international standards by which governments treat their citizens.

Let us, for example, try to agree that governments should not torture their subjects. Many do. Perhaps most do. And yet, as Gaston Thorn, our wholly admirable and universally admired President, said yesterday, we did make progress on human rights at this Assembly. Specifically we adopted, unanimously, a resolution against "torture and other cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment or punishment in relation to detention and imprisonment." Citizens throughout the world may in years to come point to their governments' concurrence with that resolution as they demand rights or beg for mercy and humanity in their own societies.

The United States hoped for more progress than we actually made. This year, for example, we introduced a new practice with respect to the venerable issue of apartheid. It has seemed to us that our standard practice of mere denunciation has suffered from diminishing ef-

fectiveness. Instead, this year, the United States brought into the General Assembly what was in effect a bill of particulars. With respect to violations of the standards of civil liberties which we would hope to see attained in South Africa—and throughout the world—we named prisoners, specified dates, cited statutes, quoted judges, described sentences, identified jails. There are indeed political prisoners in South Africa: But we feel they are no longer unknown political prisoners. We hope other nations may follow our precedent of lawyerlike, documented presentation of such issues.

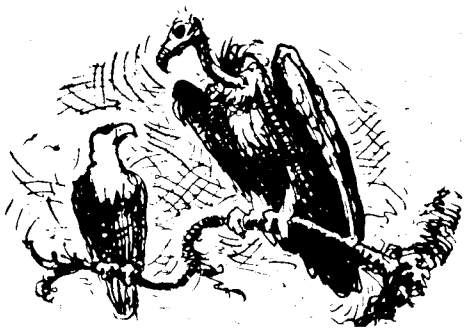
For there are political prisoners the world over. Here again, the United States this year took an unprecedented initiative in submitting a resolution calling for amnesty for all political prisoners. We were not successful. But we said we would be back next year, and we will be. We will be there, and we may be equally sure that the political prisoners will be there also. Confession is good for the soul, and we confess to not having handled this issue well enough. There are more members in this Assembly that would support an amnesty proposal than the half-dozen who told us they would support ours. And if it should prove the case that it was American sponsorship that held off many, then clearly we will make no claims to sponsorship next time. But our determination in this matter is, if anything, strengthened by the feeling that we achieved so little this time. We are not perfect, and we make no pretense to perfection. What we hope for, what some of us pray for, is simply that we should be concerned and engaged. And on the issue of political prisoners we are just that. We are strengthened by the extraordinary statement of Andrei D. Sakharov, this year's winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, and the recipient two years ago of the award of the International League for the Rights of Man.

Speaking of his hope for the final victory of the principles of peace and human rights, he said: "The best sign that such hopes can come true would be a general political amnesty in all the world, liberation of all prisoners of conscience everywhere. The struggle for a general political amnesty is the struggle for the future of mankind."

And so we will be back.

Farewell. We wish you peace in the New Year. □

The Nation's Pulse



by Peter J. Rusthoven

Moynihan: Fighting the Nonsense at the UN

"Every day at the UN, on every side, we are assailed because we are a democracy. In the UN today there are in the range of two dozen democracies left; totalitarian Communist regimes and assorted ancient and modern despotisms make up all the rest. Nothing so unites these nations as the conviction that their success ultimately depends on our failure. Most of the new states have ended up as enemies of freedom."

The source of the above quotation is neither an isolationist, nor a critic of American involvement in the United Nations, nor even (by his own definition) a conservative. Rather, the words are those of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, current United States Ambassador to the United Nations—a liberal, an intellectual, a Harvard professor on leave. Individuals who bear such labels do not normally criticize the world's foremost international body and its member states; reflective homilies about the need for American tolerance, cooperation, understanding, flexibility, and all the rest are what one usually expects to hear. Yet since his appointment as Ambassador in 1975, Moynihan has made a number of statements in roughly the same vein as the one noted above. In a world dominated by reasonable men, his observations would be noteworthy only as literate and eloquent expressions of what anyone familiar with today's version of the League of Nations should know to be commonplaces. But reasonable men do not dominate the globe in A.D. 1976, and at the UN often do not even hold their own. As a consequence, Daniel Moynihan is (to lapse into the vernacular of the journalist) if not "beleaguered," at least "under fire," and may yet lose his job as the price of his discomfiting predilection for blunt honesty.

It has been Moynihan's burden or opportunity (depending on one's perspective) to represent this nation during the most depressing and demeaning session in the less than illustrious thirty-year history of the United Nations. The delegates who met at Dumbarton Oaks and later at San Francisco to launch the twentieth century's second experiment in international organization were not naive; they had witnessed collective depravity on a scale that would shock a John Calvin, and most of them would not have been surprised if told that their new venture would be largely symbolic and usually ineffectual. But they could not have anticipated that in three decades the UN would become little more than a pernicious daily exercise in active repudiation of every noble ideal embodied in its Charter. Today, as Nicholas King has noted in *National Review*, the United Nations is "a hall for passing political rallies... where Mother Goose figures, expelled by factional eruptions from unknown corners of the world, stretch their necks and ruffle their feathers to the applause of a robot-like if happy claque." The question, on any matter of import, is no longer whether the United Nations will take a reasoned or principled stand; rather, the only uncertainty centers on whether the UN can possibly prove more unreasoning and unprincipled on the present issue than on the last. During Ambassador Moynihan's tenure, the answer seems always to be "yes."

In the year preceding Moynihan's appointment, the UN blithely violated its Charter by refusing to seat South Africa in the General Assembly and by summarily bouncing the Israelis from UNESCO. Its feature presentation was Yasir Arafat, killer of innocents, strutting about with a pistol in his belt, threatening all the murder and mayhem imaginable if his desires were thwarted, all to the accompaniment of a thunderous ovation from the assembly of international brotherhood.

Somehow, however, summoning up reserves of indecency and bad taste beyond the ken of civilized men, the United Nations has, since Moynihan's arrival, managed to surpass even these incredible accomplishments. The background music—a shrill cacophony of venomous excoriation of the United States, mindless homage to every petty dictatorial regime that laughably calls itself a "Democratic People's Republic," and whining, self-righteous bleats for ever larger shares of American boodle—continued much the

same, if perhaps a bit louder. But the Arafat show was upstaged by the traveling circus of Ugandan President Idi Amin, a bemedaled thug who is Arafat's equal in the work of murder and his superior in the creative task of articulating the hopes and aspirations of the UN's favorite group, the vaunted Third World. In a well-received address before the General Assembly, "Big Daddy" Amin yielded to no one in his disdain for the imperialist aggressors of the United States, and, lest he be accused of having no positive course of action to propose, called for "the extinction of Israel as a state." But even this would not prove the highlight of the UN's current gala session. After Amin's visit, the international assembly proposed and passed by an overwhelming majority (72-35, with 32 abstentions) a remarkable addition to the lexicon of progressive political enlightenment—to wit, a solemn resolution that Zionism was at one with racism, replete with sober assurances that the United Nations would, of course, continue to fight racism at every turn.

Against this background, it is difficult to imagine how any reasonable response by Ambassador Moynihan could merit criticism, much less dismissal. But Moynihan's crime, in the eyes of his detractors, is precisely that he has responded too vigorously, too truthfully, too straightforwardly to the ever escalating litany of hatred and nonsense that it is his daily task to confront. In addition to making general observations such as the one which heads this article, he has correctly warned that member nations of the UN had better begin calculating "the costs and benefits" of continuous criticism of this country if they value the survival of the multinational organization. Adopting the language of the *New York Times*, he has tagged Amin for what he is—a "racist murderer"—and gone on to observe that this despot's chairmanship of the Organization of African Unity is, regrettably, "no accident." He has blasted the anti-Zionism resolution, a measure whose passage he energetically fought, as "a reckless act, an obscene act." In short, Moynihan has been a forceful and articulate representative of this nation in a hostile forum permeated, to borrow his own phrase, with "the politics of resentment."

To the credit of most of his fellow citizens, Moynihan's efforts appear, to the extent such things can be measured, to have earned him a fair amount of respect and support among the populace. The reaction of many sectors of enlightened opinion-making in this country has been less praiseworthy. The various vituperative responses of Moynihan's erstwhile peers at the UN are, of course, to be expected. Certainly the remarks of such worthies as Dahomey's Ambassador Tiamion Adjibade, calling Moynihan "deliberately provocative" and "unfriendly," dismissing his statements as "irreverence, flippancy, and irresponsibility," and promising, with appropriate bluster and bravado, that "the African group will not allow itself to be intimidated"—certainly these are not surprising. Even the insulting jibes of British representative Ivor Richard, who recently chastised Moynihan for "cowboy behavior" and practicing the diplomacy of a "Wyatt Earp," are what one has come to expect from the postwar edition of the land once led by Churchill. What is astonishing is that Moynihan's actions are deemed worthy of censure by assorted solons of media and government within his own country.

Few critics have disputed the accuracy of any of Moynihan's remarks, but any number have found some disturbing feature about which they must nervously cluck. *Newsweek*, which earlier had praised the Ambassador as "one of the people primarily responsible for restoring a note of civility to UN proceedings," now frets openly over his outspokenness,

Great American Series

I believe the cause of freedom and peace has a glorious future in this world. And in that future the United Nations will play a mighty part.... It is the hope of the world; and our country's pride should be that we stood by the United Nations, the meeting house of the Family of Man, in its time of hardest trial.

—Adlai E. Stevenson
1963

headlining its reportage of the Amin incident "Moynihan's Outburst." *Time*, whose sophomoric contribution to developing proper U.S. policy in the UN suggests a "conciliatory, but not indulgent approach to Third World demands" lest one of these nations explode the bomb, remarks with its usual instinct for the capillary that Moynihan's course actually makes it more difficult and embarrassing for the reasonable developing nations to effect *rapprochement* with the U.S., and darkly hints that our Ambassador is little more than a posturing egotist in any event. The incomprehensible Garry Wills, reaching new heights of wordy ambivalence, dismisses Moynihan as "an imaginative and lovable phony." The true-believer sector of the Left also scurries to disassociate itself from the United States Ambassador. Paul Good's lovely little piece in the December 20, 1975 edition of the *Nation* ("Moynihan: The Mask of Liberalism") is a typical example. Moynihan, Good warns, is "the wrong man, in the wrong place, at the wrong time." He lacks, we are told, "racial sensitivity, the capacity to re-examine and re-evaluate previously held positions, and a largeness of spirit, [if] not ego." Moreover, his approach reveals "intellectual know-nothingness," and he is "particularly unfitted to deal with people of color." Applying the *coup de grace* via a kind of what-have-you-done-for-us-lately test, Good intimates that Moynihan may never even have been a real liberal, and although Moynihan has said publicly that it would be dishonorable for him to do so, Good predicts that the white-haired Irish charlatan will soon be angling for a seat in the Senate.

Negative reactions to Moynihan's ambassadorship from within the government are more difficult to pin down, but there have been enough disturbing indications to lend a modicum of credence to the current rumors that his position is in jeopardy. Those persistently anonymous "State Department sources," report the media, have expressed displeasure at the tone of several of the Ambassador's statements, while pointing out that much of the offending language was not cleared with Foggy Bottom. That distinctly non-anonymous "senior American official" is reputedly irritated with his subordinate at the UN, and would probably not be displeased should President Ford be influenced to replace the Secretary's former Harvard colleague. Moynihan himself recently felt compelled to meet with the President to clarify his status, leading most observers to infer that if conditions become sufficiently uncomfortable, our envoy in New York may voluntarily abandon his task to a successor. For the moment, Ford is standing behind his Ambassador. Whether and for how long he will continue to do so is, as James Schlesinger could testify, anybody's guess.

* * *

Hopefully, he will do so for as long as Moynihan can stomach what must in many ways be a distasteful challenge. Hopefully as well, that will prove a considerable length of time. Certainly, Moynihan is no stranger to either straight talk or the resultant controversy. As an assistant to President Johnson in 1965, he caught considerable flak for a report entitled "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action." This particular document had the temerity to suggest that many of the problems faced by American blacks might be due less to present white racism than to the matriarchal structure of a distressing percentage of black families. Similar resentments were aroused by a February 1967 article in *Commentary*, which accurately placed the blame for a good deal of racial animosity on "militants, Negro and white, caught up in a frenzy of arrogance and nihilism." And of course, Moynihan's famed "benign neglect" memorandum to President Nixon, which counseled a de-escalation of racial rhetoric in light of a decade of marked economic progress by blacks, earned him the undying enmity of every peddler of hate and media Cassandra throughout the land. Surely Moynihan, as well as any public figure of our day, has been steeled by experience to withstand even the most destructive and personal criticism.

Should Moynihan nonetheless resign or be replaced, the United States will lose not only a forthright advocate, but also a man who deeply believes in the ideals of

the United Nations, however much its present members would pervert them. On those rare days when the UN performs as it was meant to—or at least, performs better than it usually does—Moynihan has been quick to voice his encouragement and approval, perhaps overlavishly. "We have shown that we can negotiate in good faith," he noted on one such occasion. "Not least, we have shown that this can be done in the unique and indispensable setting of the UN. This system works." Moynihan is thus genuinely disturbed by the increasingly reasonable suggestion that the United States' involvement in the United Nations is no longer wise. Much of what Moynihan currently says as Ambassador was presaged by his March 1975 article in *Commentary*, "The United States in Opposition"—an eloquent critique of prevalent Third World ideology, coupled with a call for the United States to embark on a course of reasoned, active opposition. During a brief discussion with this author centering largely around that article, Moynihan, as yet unappointed to his UN post, rejected out of hand the view that his accurate characterization of today's United Nations argued for an American withdrawal from the organization. It was clear to him that our proper role was continued involvement, that the path of honor demanded that we stay to fight the nonsense.

Some of us, I suspect, remain skeptical, and wonder if we could not fight just as vigorously without our formally associating with and financing the myriad "enemies of freedom" who regularly gather in Manhattan. With a Moynihan representing us, however, perhaps contined membership in the organization we helped found remains worth the candle. To be sure, Moynihan will not silence the Third World's noisy merchants of malicious slander, nor will he transform the United Nations into anything vaguely resembling an effective peace-keeping organization. Neither Moynihan nor any other intelligent American in this era labors under such delusions. His task is a more modest one, but one worthy of his best efforts nonetheless: to respond to the lies; to inform the world that the United States will not be moved by childish threats and hateful resolutions; to remind those nations who are yet listening that the success of America is indispensable if they would remain free. Surrounded as he is by the representatives of the "assorted ancient and modern despotisms" that populate today's United Nations, Daniel Patrick Moynihan has performed that task with more skill and honor than anyone else in memory. □

Malcolm Muggeridge

Albion Agonistes

Of all the Great Issues which confront us today, none can be considered of greater moment than the manifest threats to the survival of our Western civilization. Spengler's *The Decline of the West* made a considerable stir in my young days. Has the decline Spengler observed fifty years ago now become an irreversible stampede to destruction?

Let it not be supposed that I am thinking only, or even primarily, in terms of such outward and visible intimations of dominance in the world as power and wealth and influence. It is true, of course, that on this count both England and America have suffered of late a notable decline. When I first went to India in 1924 the voyage took five weeks, and pretty well every port we stopped at was flying the Union Jack. At that time we ruled over a quarter of the world and most of my countrymen firmly believed that this was an arrangement ordained by God and likely to continue indefinitely. Well, in our lifetime an Empire on which, we boasted, the sun never set, has become one on which it never rises. Again, when I first came to Washington, D.C. as a newspaper correspondent in 1946, America was incomparably the richest and most powerful country in the world. Now, some three decades later, largely as a result of the home thrust of the Sir Galahads of the Media, that advantageous situation has been transformed into the present shambles. Even so, in industrial and agricultural production, and even in available weapons, the people of the West are still pre-eminent; particularly in the American hemisphere. Western science and technology have made possible the virtually illimitable production of our human necessities, and put into the hands of those who govern us weapons of unparalleled potency, besides making possible the exploration, and perhaps in time the colonization, of the universe itself.

No, what is at issue, as I see it, is not the means to survive, nor even the will to survive, but the *faith* to survive. It seems to me clear, beyond qualification or equivocation, that our Western civilization was born of the great drama enacted in Palestine two thousand years ago, the drama of the Incarnation, the Passion, and the Resurrection, and all that flowed therefrom. This is what has inspired and nourished the art and literature and music and architecture and learning which are, and forever will be, the glory of our civilization, besides giving rise to innumerable lives of dedication to the love of God and of our human family. If it should prove to be the case that Western man has now rejected these origins of his civilization, persuading himself that he can be master of his own destiny, that he can shape his own life and chart his own future, then assuredly he and his way of life and all he has stood and stands for must infallibly perish.

In other words, the real crisis which confronts us is about faith rather than power, about the question "Why?" rather than the question "How?"—about man's relationship with his Creator rather than about his energy supplies, his currency, his balance of trade and Gross National Product, his sexual fantasies, and his other passing preoccupations, with which the media interminably concern themselves. These are essentially trivial matters, easily adjusted when the need so to do is apparent, as in time of war; whereas the God we serve, the salvation we hope for, the light we live by in this world, and, when we come to leave it, the vista reaching before us into eternity —these concern the very fundamentals of our mortal existence.

If, by way of illustration, I look at the parlous plight of my own native land, England, it is not, God knows, to glory in its present discomfiture, or to preen myself on prophecies which may seem to come true. Never have I felt so much love as I do now in old age for the English countryside, for the English people and their history, yes, and their humor (and this from an ex-editor of *Punch*, who for some four desolating years had the thankless and hopeless task of trying to make the English laugh); above all for the English language and literature. What blessing, I have often asked myself, could equal having for one's native tongue the language in which Shakespeare wrote, and into which the Authorized Version of the Bible was translated?

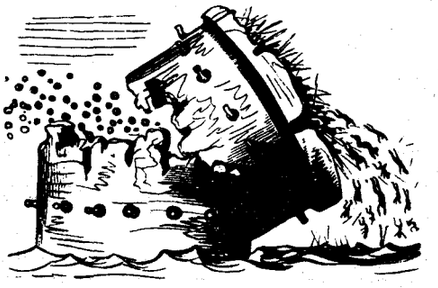
At the same time it has to be admitted that our national affairs are in great disarray, if not worse, that our institutions of government and of justice seem to be afflicted with dry rot, and that not even that Joan of Arc of suburbia, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, seems, to my doubtless incurably male chauvinist eye, equal to the task of getting us out of our present mess —well conveyed, I thought, by an entry I read the other day in Horace Walpole's journal, in which he recorded the impression that everything seemed to be at sea except the fleet. Statistics, the dismallest of all stock-taking, views a birth rate falling below zero, juvenile delinquency,

crimes of violence, and racial antagonism rising alarmingly, divorces and bankruptcies alike multiplying, a health service and an education system slipping towards collapse, and many other unmistakable indications of wrath to come. I would say myself that some sort of civil war followed by authoritarian government of one stamp or another is a more present prospect today than it has been at any time since the time of Cromwell.

In any case, the same causes produce the same consequences in different degrees in all the countries of the West. In the Gadarene Stakes England seems at the moment very well ahead of the field, but all the other countries are jostling and pushing in the same direction. When men turn away from God, Pascal tells us, they must either imagine they are gods themselves or, aware of the disastrousness and absurdity of such a pretension, revert to being animals and seek their satisfaction in their own carnality. Megalomania or erotomania—the two great sicknesses of the age; the clenched fist or the phallus, Nietzsche or D.H. Lawrence, Hitler or Hugh Hefner.

A new feature in the working out of this equation enunciated by Pascal is that it takes place to the accompaniment of the media, especially television, whose immense power to influence and shape public attitudes is exercised with little regard for any consideration except profit and self-importance. With the same sublime unction it will destroy a presidency and recommend the magical qualities of a new detergent, lose a war and promote a cake-mix. Future historians, if there are any, will surely marvel at the tolerance accorded to this instrument of persuasion, and its operators, so immensely more powerful than anything of the kind which has ever existed before, and at the manner in which its pundit-salesmen have been able, with equal impunity, to topple institutions and undermine authority, and to sing the praises of some potion or pill capable of delivering us from pain, anxiety, body odor, acidity, and other infirmities.

How I envy the historian who, looking back across the centuries at the decline and fall of our Western civilization, as Gibbon did on that of Rome, will remark on how, as we systematically destroyed or allowed to be destroyed, all the values and restraints of the Christian way of life which we had inherited, we remained convinced that each innovation, each new assault on marital fidelity, on the sanctity of the home and the responsibilities of parenthood, was bound to be conducive to our well-being and enlightenment. There is a nightmare which from time to time afflicts me. I find myself in a BBC studio deep underground, while up above the mushroom cloud gathers and the last vestiges of civilized life disappear. In our studio the discussion proceeds, and a lady participant with a particularly shrill voice is insisting that if only the school age might be raised to 20 and the age of consent lowered to ten, if only birth control pills could be distributed to Brownies with their morning milk and extended to tiny tots in the play-schools, if only marriage counseling might begin in the cradle and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* get into the comics, all would yet be well. The barbarians who overran Rome came from without, but ours are home products, trained and suitably brainwashed and conditioned at the public expense. In the light of these antics, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Western man, having wearied of the struggle by himself, has decided to abolish himself. Creating his own boredom out of his own affluence, his own impotence out of his own erotomania, his own vulnerability out of his own strength; himself blowing the trumpet that brings the walls of his own city tumbling down. Convincing himself that he is too numerous, and laboring accordingly with pill and scalpel and syringe to make himself fewer in order to



fall an easier prey to his enemies. Until at last, having educated himself in imbecility and drugged and polluted himself into stupefaction, he keels over, a weary battered old brontosaurus, and becomes extinct.

Before such a prospect, are we then, as Christians, to fold our arms in resignation? On the contrary, it is the breakdown of power which provides Christianity with its greatest opportunity. After all, it was to the Rome of the Emperor Nero—a ruler who makes even some of ours seem, by comparison, positively enlightened and humane—that the Apostle Paul carried the gospel with such fantastic success, founding a universal religion which has endured through twenty centuries because, and only because, it has never finally identified itself with any earthly power.

This might seem like mere words to keep up our spirit, but actually a sign in the same sense has been accorded us so extraordinary that it amounts to one of the great miracles of history. I refer to the Christian testimony of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who makes the point in a letter he addressed to the Soviet Government just before he was sent into compulsory exile, that what is wrong with his country is not so much its political or economic system as the Marxist materialism which is its ideology. To this, he insists, the only valid answer is provided by Christ and his teaching; the only possible response to the pretensions of absolute power is the absolute love proclaimed in the Gospels.

As a young journalist in the USSR in the early thirties, it would have seemed to me utterly inconceivable that after more than half a century of the most absolutist rule ever known on earth, under a regime dedicated to the destruction of the Christian religion and disclosing of powers hitherto unimaginable over the lives, thoughts, hopes, and values of its citizens, a voice would make itself heard and be heard through the whole world stating once more in luminous words of truth the great proposition on which the Christian religion in founded—that through love, not through power, men may find their way in this world, and in humbly seeking to fulfill their Creator's purposes for them, look beyond it into the eterntiy which is their true habitat. And this voice —one among many and speaking for many—coming from among the regime's favored elite, those who in worldly terms have everything to gain from adhering to its rules and principles.

The whole stupendous effort, that is to say, made at such a cost in blood and tears to condition man to a purely terrestrial existence—what is called social engineering—has been a gigantic failure, a fiasco, as such efforts must always be. Including, I may add, crazed projects in our part of the world to sort out our genes into some more appropriate order, dispose of lives we consider worthless, and decide ourselves who shall be born and who exterminated, even in the womb.

Should we not, then, rejoice that once more it has been demonstrated to us unmistakably that God never abandons us; that however somber the darkness, His light still shines; and however full the air may be of the drooling of Muzak, and the cackling of Newzak, truth will make itself heard; that in all conceivable and inconceivable human circumstances what the Apostle Paul called the glorious liberty of the children of God is available to us—the only enduring liberty there is. I think of Augustine in Carthage when the news came that Rome had been sacked and the great Roman Empire was nearing its end. If it be so, he told his flock, it is only what happened to Sodom; men build cities and destroy them, but there is also the City of God which they did not build and which they cannot destroy. So it is today.

I am an old man, already past the allotted three score and ten and, as the old do, I quite often wake up in the night, half out of my body, so that I see between the sheets the old battered carcass I shall soon be leaving for good, and in the distance a glow in the sky, the lights of Augustine's City of God. Let me, in conclusion, pass on to you two extraordinarily sharp impressions which accompany this condition. The first is of the incredible beauty of our earth, its colors and shapes and smells and creatures; of the enchantment of human love and companionship, of the fulfillment of human work and human procreation. The second, a certainty surpassing all words and thought, that as an infinitesimal particle of God's creation I am a participant in His purposes, which are loving not malign, creative not destructive, orderly not chaotic—and in that certainty a great peace and a great joy. □

Peregrine Worsthorne

The English Crisis: II. The Unions

Editor's Note

Since—roughly speaking—the first quarter of the last century, a powerful sense of cultural inferiority has crept into American realms of influence. This sense of inferiority (combined with shared customs) allowed Europe, specifically England, a powerful influence over American life. The "progressive" ways of the English have bee pointed to throughout this century by Americans intent on conducing America along the English path, and so successful have these "progressive" Americans been that today most of our government expenditures go toward the support of institutions very similar to the social democratic institutions of England. Alas, today England's social democratic institutions appear to be terminally ill and before ours fall into a similar condition, we at The Alternative *decided to publish a book on the "Crisis of Social Democracy in England" with especial concern for the lessons that decline holds for England's prodigal son. We shall be publishing this book with Doubleday later this year, and the essays within it will appear in the* New York Times Magazine, Encounter, *and other magazines as well as* The Alternative. *What follows is the second essay in this series.—RET*

"The miners are going to be at the top of the tree, and if that hurts somebody, I am sorry." Thus spake Mr. Joe Gormley, president of the National Union of Miners, in response to a recent national appeal by Britain's socialist government for common sacrifices in the fight against inflation.

Mr. Gormley is not a militant or an extremist, still less a Marxist. Quite the opposite. He stands out from his peers as being eminently reasonable, moderate, and responsible, a perfect model of a modern trade union leader, much respected, even loved, by the public at large for his human decency and earthy, Yorkshire common sense. Yet even this paragon, this most statesmanlike of trade union spokesmen, does not hesitate to use this kind of arrogant language; he is prepared, quite unashamedly, to admit to being brazenly and ruthlessly concerned about promoting a sectional interest, however this may "hurt" anybody else.

The easy explanation is that nowadays in Britain the trade union leaders, even the gentlest of them, are so powerful that they can afford to snap their fingers at public opinion, rather in the manner of Marie Antoinette telling the French people to eat cake in the absence of bread. Up to a point, of course, the trade unions *are* much stronger than they have ever been before. But they are not talking like this because they are more powerful. They are more powerful because they are talking like this; because they dare to talk like this.

And they dare to talk like this because, unlike the leaders of every other institution in Britain, they, and they alone, have a clear sense of their own value and an unshaken faith in their own function. Alone among the leaders of contemporary Britain they are totally unweighed down by a sense of guilt, which enables them to display a truly aristocratic disregard for public disapproval—a disregard so spectacularly provocative as to be literally awe-inspiring.

There can be no understanding of the position of hegemony recently won by the trade unions in Britain which does not start with this central insight: that their strength springs from a profound sense of moral legitimacy, the like of which is no longer shared by any other institution. It is not, properly speaking, power at all. It is, in a word, *authority*. They are, in Britain, the embodiment of a commanding idea which has become, in recent years, invincible: the idea of social justice. Not, needless to say, the perfect embodiment. Very far from it, as I shall seek to show. But more of an embodiment of this commanding idea than any other institution, and in the Kingdom of the Blind, the one-eyed man is King.

A writer in the *Sunday Times* caught an aspect of this truth recently when he observed, after attending the 1975 trade union annual conference, that "trade unionists now wear the sort of ties and blazers that once marked out the public school man. As the middle classes let their hair grow and knot multicolored ties about their necks, the trade unionists keep their hair short and sport the stripes and badges of their union—a sure sign, of a diminishing sense of identity in one group and an increasing assertiveness in the other."

The union leaders do not talk so unashamedly because they are more powerful; they are more powerful because they dare to talk so unashamedly.

These two aspects of the problem seem to me integrally connected, the *increasing* assertiveness of the trade unions being caused, or, if not altogether caused, certainly aggravated and encouraged, by the *decreasing* sense of identity among all the countervailing power groups in the land. Television illustrates this process almost every night. There can be no doubt that the most impressive personages to appear on the box nowadays are trade union leaders, since they are the only people who do not apologize for what they are doing, who do not seem to be embarrassed or ashamed by their role and purpose, and are actually prepared to admit that, if necessary, they will exert their full strength to get what they want. "The lads need more money and they are bloody well going to get it." "All we ask is another £25 a week. Don't tell us the firm can't pay, since so long as the bosses drive around in Rolls Royces that excuse is a lot of damned nonsense."

The message, of course, makes no economic sense. But given the contemporary obsession with social justice, nobody ever replies with equal bluntness, telling the workers to go and get stuffed. What the viewer sees are spokesmen for the working class confidently clenching their Left fists, resisted by nothing more impressive than the soft underbelly of the bourgeoisie, quivering with guilt, and apologizing for being rich. (Just as clergymen today always apologize for believing in God.)

That is the point. Trade unions have a cause which excuses excess, or at any rate seems to render it understandable and even tolerable. Educated opinion does not approve of trade union language or behavior, or of the extent to which they bully society at large. There is a lot of tut-tutting and even indignation. But it is not whole-hearted indignation, because however immoral some of the methods used by the trade unions are felt to be, their basic aim—improving the lot of working people—is still felt to be work of almost religious significance. Just as Popes in the Middle Ages got away with murder, claiming to be doing God's work, so today do trade union leaders enjoy a comparable kind of immunity and protection, because they, too, are doing the modern equivalent of God's work.

It is impossible to exaggerate the value to the trade unions of this moral legitimacy which no other major organized group enjoys to anything like the same extent, since moral legitimacy, paradoxically enough, enables the trade unions to get away with immoral behavior—racketeering, corruption, violence, intimidation, and things which come close to bloody insurrection. Another posh Sunday newspaper, for example, has just car-

ried a long article by another miners' leader, Arthur Scargill, boasting of how, in the last miners' strike, in 1974, he led a mass picketing operation against a power station which was so militant, so numerous, so passionately violent, that it literally overpowered the police who sought to control it. The article is filled with the joy of battle, and positively glories in trade union power, physical power ruthlessly deployed.

If a British general were to write such an article about, say, the battle against the IRA in Ulster, with a comparably uninhibited display of pride and pleasure in the business of suppressing terrorism, or were to use the same kind of boastfully aggressive language about some successful military operation, he would be dismissed as a pathological case, a throwback to an age of barbaric imperialism. Let a police chief talk about the fight against crime with even so much as a hint of brutal determination, and there would be an outcry of indignation from polite opinion. Liberal papers, like the *Times* and the *Guardian*, would yell for his resignation.

So deeply drenched in liberal squeamishness is respectable contemporary opinion in Britain that soldiers and policemen are expected to talk like Quaker brethren. It is recognized, reluctantly and grudgingly, that their function requires resource to physical force. But on no account must they be seen to enjoy it, or be engaging in it with zest and enthusiasm. If they are to be acceptable to the "powers that be," soldiers and policemen must approach their tasks with reluctant disdain and mournful apology, as if they were ashamed of being caught up in such savage pursuits. On television it is always they who are on the defensive, having to justify their actions, even to apologize for them, and the tiniest example of excessive severity is certain to lead to their instant dismissal and disgrace.

Trade union violence, on the other hand, enjoys a much wider degree of tolerance, provokes a much less absolutely hostile response. To suggest that it is approved of, or even tolerated, would be going too far. But liberal opinion reacts to violence in this area with ambivalence, with a desire to understand, even with a certain sympathy, since fighting for workers' rights, albeit occasionally with excessive zeal, has come to seem more respectable, more glorious, more in keeping with the spirit of the age, than upholding the law or defending the realm.

How this came about I shall go into in a moment. But it is difficult to doubt, on the evidence, that it *has* come about. Take, for another example, the recent furor about two building site pickets, known as the "Shrewsbury Two," who were sent to prison for using violence against non-union workers, because they had refused to lay down tools during an industrial dispute—violence so extreme that one of their victims lost an eye. It was a horrible business. Nobody denies that extreme and extensive violence did take place. Even so, the trade union movement was and is indignant about the convictions, and there have been mass marches and demonstrations appealing for the release of the two thugs who now enjoy martyr status in the eyes of their fellow trade unionists. A few of the present members of the Labour Government have publicly disassociated themselves from this trade union agitation, but most have not. While not lending it their overt support, they have been careful to avoid actually denouncing it.

To some extent this is sheer political expediency, not wanting to annoy the trade union movement at the time when its co-operation in wage restraint is being so actively courted. But that is not the whole explanation. More significant, in my view, is the deep-seated feeling by all members of the Labour Party that there *is* something indecent about sending workers to prison for any acts undertaken in pursuit of industrial disputes, however lawless or brutal the acts may have been. Nor is this just a working-class or Labour Party view. It is shared, to a lesser degree, by many middle-class Conservatives as well. Sending workers, *qua* workers, to prison is felt to be slightly shocking, unnatural, almost blasphemous, rather as in older times it would have seemed shocking and unnatural for the law to lay its hands on members of the nobility. Needless to say, this is not a universal view. There are some right-wingers who would like to see trade unionists hung, drawn, and quartered. But this kind of hostility is regarded as rather disreputable by the reigning liberal middle-class establishment which today shows the same unmistakable signs of snobbishness toward, and deferential indulgence of, lower-class bad behavior as once it did of the bad behavior of the upper class.

If anybody doubts this, reflect for a moment on how inconceivable it would be for a great capitalist corporation, like ICI or Unilever, to seek to organize a national campaign for the release of two of its directors caught red-handed in some comparable piece of thuggery to that for which the "Shrewsbury Two" were convicted—bursting into a rival boardroom, say, and beating into a pulp a group of competitor directors who had refused to join in some cartel arrangement. It is even more inconceivable that, in the event of such an agitation ever getting under way, a Conservative Government would refuse to condemn it and some Ministers would even lend it their support.

Needless to say, even the most purblind supporter of the capitalist cause would not feel prepared, let alone compelled, to defend thuggery or lawlessness of this kind; still less to expect or demand that Conservative Ministers of the Crown should assist them in doing so. Such madness would spell the death of capitalism and the total discrediting of the Tory Party, since all sections of public opinion would be aghast, horrified, and totally repelled.

Yet these kinds of extraordinary goings-on do take place in the event of trade unions thugs being sent to jail, and public opinion is not aghast, horrified, and totally repelled, or at any rate not remotely to the extent that it would be by comparable behavior on the part of any other power group. To the best of my knowledge, there have been no mass desertions from the trade union movement in protest of the obscene attempt to canonize these two thugs, or from the Labour Party for failing to anathematize this attempt. There have been critical articles in the liberal press, true, but no sense of national outrage as would certainly be provoked if any other power group were to behave with the same kind of shameless indecency.

While all other institutions have had their myths stripped away, the unions still enjoy the benefits of brazen historical propaganda, in which they always appear as David fighting Goliath.

The reason, of course, is very obvious. Trade unionists, in the present climate, enjoy a special dispensation, a unique exculpatory glamour that takes much of the sting out of public criticism. Mythologically speaking, they are still the underdogs, the underprivileged, with all the benefits that such a status bestows in an age dedicated to the cause of social justice. I am well aware of how absurd this is in present circumstances, since so many trade unionists are now the *nouveaux riches* and take home wage packets that make them the envy of professional people. In reality, they are, for the most part, very far from being underdogs. Rather the reverse. All this is true, as Conservatives try to point out.

But social attitudes never keep pace with reality, and it is really rather naive to expect them to do so. It is, after all, only within the last quarter of a century that trade unionists have begun to exploit their economic strength to the full, and most of the adult British population had its attitudes formed during a period when the unions *were* the underdogs. This is still the impression which any British schoolboy or schoolgirl would get from such historical lessons as he has at school, since this is how the trade unions are made to appear.

This, in itself, is a fascinating phenomenon—the extent to which the trade

union movement, of all the institutions which flowered in the Victorian era, is the only one so far to have escaped the attention of historians bent on destroying favorable misconceptions: the only one which has not yet had its feet of clay exposed and its heroes demythologized. Imperialism, militarism, evangelicalism, whiggism, toryism, liberalism, capitalism, have all been debunked, but not trade unionism and its leaders. No Lytton Strachey, for example, has got to work on the great trade union leaders of the nineteenth century, showing them to be frauds and hypocrites, as has been done for the great soldiers, churchmen, statesmen, tycoons, etc.

Rather the opposite. The history of trade unionism is still told in reverential tones, with all the myths and legends of how the unions were oppressed and persecuted faithfully preserved. In fact, as revisionist historians will presumably soon get round to showing, the trade union leaders, even in the early days, were very far from being the heroic fighters for human rights that they are supposed to have been. Nor was their struggle for recognition nearly so uphill or so stony as they like to pretend.

It is fascinating to note, for example, that the union nominee, Frederic Harrison, on the first Royal Commission set up to look into trade unionism in 1876, himself extremely well-disposed towards their cause, could not refrain from expressing his doubts in his private diary: "If the unions cannot get over it [violence against non-union-members], some of them, and certainly the masons, deserve all that was said of them and are as mere organs of class tyranny. My God! Think if I were to publish a formal recantation. But I keep my counsel as yet." In the event, he went on keeping his counsel, as a later entry shows: "I am not going to cave in now. The unions have serious faults but I still believe... them capable of improvement." This, as it turned out, was the general view of the Royal Commission, which produced majority and minority reports showing great sympathy and understanding of the union cause. What strikes one now, in looking back at the experience of British trade unionism in the nineteenth century, is not how hard it had to struggle against prejudice in high places, but how relatively quickly and easily it won its place in the sun.

But this is not the view taught in schools. At a time, as I say, when all the other British institutions have had their myths and legends stripped away, only the trade unions are still allowed to enjoy the benefit of brazen historical propaganda, in which they always appear as David fighting Goliath.

It is impossible to imagine, for example, the BBC commissioning a television series on the history of trade unionism which approached that subject in the same knocking spirit as the recent BBC series which dealt with the history of the British Empire; or a single prestigious film maker choosing to send up the language, customs, and rituals of, say, a mining village with the same derisory enthusiasm as a whole host of them regularly apply to the language, customs, and rituals of, say, a middle-class suburb or a stately home.

The cult of equality sweeping the Western world hit Britain far harder than any other country, because there was so much more to hit... so much more inequality.

Not long ago, there was a splendid illustration of what I have in mind, in a BBC series, "Days of Hope," which purported to dramatize the social conditions of England during and immediately after the First World War. We saw a young soldier deserter coming to the aid of a Yorkshire mining village during the 1921 coal strike, when the government of the day declared a national emergency and sent up the troops to maintain "law and order." There is no reason to complain about director Ken Loach's extreme bias in favor of the miners and against the coal-owner, the army, and the police. That is his artistic right, and he made the most of it.

But what is so interesting is that an artist of his high stature should have so absolutely uncritical an idea about a mining village; should want to portray it in this sugary, sentimental, chocolate-box, and totally unrealistic way and see nothing absurd in doing so, rather as, in an earlier age, writers like G.A. Henty and Jeffrey Farnol saw nothing absurd in idealizing the British army or in romanticizing the British nobility. No reputable contemporary artist would allow himself to be so naively indulgent about any other group in society, or expect his public to tolerate such a false perception. If he did he would be dismissed as a figure of fun. Yet Ken Loach is taken very seriously indeed, since the public does not want to be shown the naked truth about working people. Their purity of heart, like that of the Victorian maiden, simply has to be assumed, even if this involves artistic nonsenses which will seem to succeeding generations no less incredible than the Victorian habit of covering up the legs of pianos does to us.

Of course this will change in time. But it has not changed yet, and because it has not changed, contemporary public opinion is indoctrinated in a wholly idealized and glamorized picture of trade unionism, as an earlier public was indoctrinated in a wholly idealized and glamorized picture of, say, the aristocracy. And just as the idea of the aristocracy as a kind of divinely ordained topdog, held sway over the imagination of Englishmen long after it had ceased to have any real basis in social or economic reality—long after, that is, aristocrats had ceased to fulfill the function from which their glamour originally sprang—so today the glamour of the trade unions, as a kind of divinely ordained defender of bottom dogs, continues to hold a comparable place, although it, too, has no longer any basis in reality.

I have dwelt at some length on what must be called the psychological background to trade union power since it seems to me absolutely central to an understanding of the problem, at any rate as it affects Britain. Needless to say, the fundamental fact, the concrete cause of increased trade union power, has to do with the vulnerability of the advanced, interdependent post-industrial society to the withdrawal of labor from certain vital industries, like energy. The trade unions, by ruthless use of the strike weapon for a few weeks, can reduce a country like Britain to chaos far more effectively than the Luftwaffe was ever able to do. This trade union power is common to all advanced economies where the right to strike is recognized. Yet only in Britain has this weapon been exploited to the full in recent years, to the point where an elected government, Mr. Edward Heath's, was destroyed by it. The question that has to be answered is why the British trade unions feel so much more militant than do their counterparts in other Western countries and, equally interesting, why the rest of society show such a strange apathy and weakness in the face of this challenge.

These questions, it seems to me, have to be answered in terms, so to speak, of class morale; by understanding the factors making for high working-class morale and low middle-class morale, even though such an analysis runs the risk of gross simplication. The cult of equality currently sweeping the Western world hit this country far harder than it did any other country, because there was so much more to hit: that is to say, so much more inequality. Not necessarily more inequality of wealth. But more inequality of lifestyles, manners, language, accents, appearances, habits. The cult of equality has unsettled Britain more than any other country because its institutions were so inherently associated with the idea of inequality, with a class system rooted in inegalitarian ideas and values. One of the disadvantages of Britain is that, because of its record of continuity, its avoidance of political and social upheaval or revolution, all its institutions give the fatal impression of being far more stamped with a privileged style,

with, if you like, the manners and appearances of the *ancien regime*, than do those of, say, France or West Germany, or, even more obviously, those of the United States. As a result, they are particularly susceptible to being made to look provocatively out of keeping with the spirit of the times.

In no respect is this more obvious than in the confrontations between the two sides of industry, between management and labor. Although management, in the last decade or so, has in fact been vastly democratized, in the sense of being largely made up now of self-made men, it still does not give this impression, since its spokesmen sound and look posh, appearing in speech and dress much like gentlemen. However much they may struggle to escape the fatal appearance of inherited privilege, something of its patina still settles upon them. How could it be otherwise? A class system as deeply entrenched as Britain's has a momentum that carries on long after the engine has been switched off, and however much the new type of managers may spring from the same family background as the trade union leaders, the different educational and social experiences through which they have passed, on the way to the boardroom, molds them into the traditional boss-class shape: which is a shape that in modern times subtracts from, rather than adds to, their authority and confidence.

Britain, in this respect, suffers from a unique disadvantage. The successful self-made man, when he makes it, cannot avoid moving into a style of life which associates him with a past social system that was rooted in inherited privilege, since the pattern of life at the top still dates from those days. Take the most obvious example of a country house. If a successful self-made tycoon wishes to indulge in such a purchase—or a successful Labour politician for that matter—it is likely to involve him in the process of beginning to seem like a country gentleman or squire, with all the upper-class associations that go with such a status. Or if he joins a London club, it is likely to be a club that was originally a gentlemanly preserve full of echoes of the old ruling class. Britain has made enormous strides in the last quarter of a century towards the ideal of genuine equality of opportunity. In every walk of life the top prizes are increasingly open to men of talent. But much more than in any other country, this reality is disguised by a misleading image which suggests that little has changed, since the new non-hereditary ruling few are surrounded by the same symbols as were the old hereditary ruling few, thus fating them to share in the inhibitions and defensiveness which, nowadays, are the inevitable accompaniment of anything which smacks of privilege.

Only the trade union leaders, so far, have escaped this albatross and are therefore in a position to exercise power without apology, since they look and sound as men of power should look and sound in an age when privilege is a mark, not of divine grace—as it used to be—but of the devil's handiwork. (Much more so than Labour Party leaders who are increasingly indistinguishable, in social and educational background, from their Conservative counterparts.) Not only, in short, do they have the increased economic power which, as I say, is a factor common to all trade union movements today in a free society—but also this intangible advantage of embodying the one style of leadership in Britain today which avoids appearing both anachronistic and illegitimate. They are exceptionally strong, therefore, both physically and morally; so strong as to be, at any rate for the time being, irresistible.

I say "for the time being," since it is only a matter of time before the cultural worm begins to turn and start eating away at working-class power and authority, as it has eaten away at the moral base of earlier power groups. But until this happens, until the breach is made between the wielders of physical power and the cultural legitimizers of that power, there is not much that can be done by those who would wish to reverse this trend.

The backs of British management are up against the wall; yet they still hanker after sitting on the fence, as if the fence itself had not been turned into a barricade.

In any case, those who do wish to reverse this trend—let us call them, for want of a better description, the conservative bourgeoisie—suffer from another disadvantage in launching such a struggle, also peculiar to Britain. They are, quite simply, much too nice; far nicer than their counterparts on the Continent or in the United States. This again is another hangover of the British class system which, through the public schools, taught the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie to think like country gentlemen. As a result, their heirs today find themselves locked in a chivalrous tradition wholly unsuited to the new reality of class war created by trade union militancy, rather as the medieval knights, accustomed to the romantic tournaments of Arthurian legend, were gravely inhibited when it came to fighting pitched battles against peasant armies.

Noblesse oblige and all the other anachronistic hangovers of an aristocratic age, which only make sense against a background of secure privilege and unchallenged strength, still debilitate the boardrooms of Britain, inducing in them a wholly inappropriate reluctance to recognize that the paternalistic days of benevolent goodwill have long since passed into history. The backs of British management are up against the wall; yet they still hanker after sitting on the fence, as if the fence itself had not been turned into a barricade.

In the bad old days of capitalistic exploitation, such a civilizing injection of a feudal sense of responsibility was thoroughly desirable, vastly and valuably moderating the ruthless inhumanity of class warfare. It was all to the good then that the bourgeois boss should have married into the landed gentry, been educated at an Anglican public school, and generally merged his identity in a way of life rooted more in the cricket fields of Eton than in the jungle of the marketplace; better, that is, at least in terms of social peace if not in terms of maintaining Britain's industrial supremacy.

But today, with the balance of power having switched overwhelmingly to the side of organized labor, these gentlemanly inhibitions, these anachronistic scruples born out of a world of green lawns and dreaming spires, are proving an appalling handicap in the new cycle of class war about to reach its climax, since the trade union generals of the opposing armies—Jones, Scanlon, McGahey, Scargill—have learnt their ethics of combat in an entirely different and more serious school where no holds are barred, no Marquis of Queensberry rules observed.

A deeply disturbing parallel can be drawn between the way this problem is affecting us domestically now and the way it bedeviled foreign affairs in the twenties and thirties, when the then ruling class proved pitifully unwilling to recognize the ruthless nature of the powers arrayed against it: the extent to which the new rulers in Japan, Germany, and Italy were fighting for supremacy in earnest, inhabiting a world which owed nothing to Christian pieties instilled in the classrooms and chapels of the English public school. Herr Hitler was not a gentleman. Nor are the Communists in the unions, who are fighting to win.

On the European Continent, the industrial climate is notably different from what it is in Britain, because management is backed by a middle class no less prone to explosions of militant anger, no more reluctant to takes to the streets—yes, and to the barricades too, if necessary—than are the workers.

Take France, for example, where the middle class is fully prepared to march, demonstrate, and break windows, even heads if need be, rather than allow itself to be pushed around or dictated to by the Left. If on a Monday the Communists get 100,000 parading down the Champs-Elysées, hands clenched in menace, on a

Tuesday the Right will do the same. Each side knows the other's strength, and potential nastiness, and respects it. There is a real and chastening balance of mutual deterrence.

But that is because the bourgeoisie thinks like a bourgeoisie, with its values rooted in a proper understanding of what the class struggle entails, without its range of vision interrupted by the mirage of gentlemanly, turn-the-other-cheek behavior. In the heyday of high capitalism this was a great disadvantage, since it meant that the Continental bosses ground the faces of the poor with a primitive, single-minded savagery which the older aristocratic influence greatly helped to dilute in Britain. Result: Red revolution in France, from which Britain was spared.

But the problem today is not one of moderating the excesses of capitalism, at a time of pitiful proletarian weakness, for which purpose the English public school education, with its contempt for hard industrial efficiency and romantic idealization of knightly chivalry, was so admirably suited. The problem today is one of resisting ruthless trade union power, of fighting for bourgeois values against overwhelming odds.

For this wholly different purpose the public school ethic is disastrously inappropriate, deplorably inhibiting. The Gentlemen of England would prefer to die rather than demonstrate, and a stiff upper lip, or, if driven to extremity, perhaps a rolled umbrella, is the nearest thing to an offensive weapon they would think of brandishing against the massed muscle of organized labor.

As a result, the social balance in Britain has been dangerously upset, with organized labor discovering the full extent of its power—which in any advanced technological society is almost limitless—without any countervailing spirit of comparably aggressive purposefulness animating the other side of industry. The language and the mood of the Right are still redolent of a vanished age when the middle class, unlike its Continental counterparts, felt so impregnably secure as to indulge in a kind of psychological disarmament which has now left it perilously vulnerable.

No doubt this too will change, in time But I am writing of the present, not the future; trying to explain why the trade unions *today* are riding so high in Britain There are many other reasons than those on which I have touched here. But the most basic reason, which I have tried to describe, is that their rise to a position of economic ascendancy, brought about largely through the accidents of technological development, has coincided with social and cultural developments which enable them to use their strength with a clear conscience, while those who would resist them lack the will to do so uninhibitedly, because they doubt—or feel guilty about—the virtue of their cause. To some extent, all this is true of other capitalist societies. But it is more true in Britain than elsewhere, which is why the problem is so much worse there and will take so much longer to solve.

The Great American Saloon Series

by Ivory Jas. Anderson

Pete's

Naive young things and even old chowder horses sometimes suggest that a certain establishment merits inscription in the Great American Saloon Series because it is so "stimulating" to be there, what with all the famous and infamous passing through the portals.

May I remind them that if somebody wants to discuss the issues of the day, what do we have street corners and park benches for? To learn, why libraries? To listen to scintillating conversation, why AM America? Any bar that caters to this intellectual bandwagon is no Great American Saloon.

My candidate for this distinction is Pete's, fondly referred to as The Toilet East. Pete's is totally American, and a great saloon in the purest sense of the term.

Located a half-block from the Chicago Police Department headquarters, Pete's is frequented by cops, winos, and journalists. ("Wino" here refers to an occupation.) The winos are not in the least awed, inspired, or intimidated by the cops, who are not too impressed by the journalists, etc., etc.

Pete's is one of the last bastions of true and fundamental equality as envisaged by the Founders. There, it is not measured in phony racial, social, or financial terms. Rather, everybody who drinks at Pete's knows intuitively that, just like himself, everybody else there, be he a police superintendent, a reporter, or a vagrant, is a bum.

This is what Americans have historically thought of each other before they became stupefied by self-righteous liberals with their guilt-inducing tirades and synthetic martyrs. It is a tribute to Pete's that nothing so shabby as self-righteousness ever occurs on the premises.

Pete's is named after the owner and bartender, Pete. What his last name is, whom he voted for in '72, and what his views on Cyprus and mushrooms are, I do not know and never intend to find out. He is an affable Greek import, his thick accent tolerated because he keeps the suds coming. Ethnic identity is preserved at Pete's precisely because nobody cares who anybody else is. It is one of the few working models of benign neglect.

The premises themselves bear this out. Leaving the police station through the prisoners' door, and making one's way through the alley perpetually darkened by the ancient el tracks overhead, one sees a nekkid light bulb illuminating the gloom. That is Pete's back door, and its only door for any practical purpose.

Go down a ramshackle step into the hazy interior, where patrons in various stages of dementia are dazedly perched on red vinyl-covered stools, and somebody is playing pool in the "new" wing

What entices the newcomer immediately is the pleasant seediness of the surroundings, where societal constraints on belching and spitting are totally inappropriate, and where the pervasive and intoxicating fragrance of hops, malt, and barley hovers in the warm air. Speculation has it that a certain managerial reluctance to mop up spilled brew has allowed it to seep into the woodwork.

Pete's is a place, in short, to booze it up in the traditional style, without the distractions of original lithographs, visiting poets, and swinging dingles. It is, with its alcoholic atmosphere and authentic decay, a place for a true individual to roll in the gutter awhile, finding or losing his soul. Any bar without these prerequisites, and despite its other merits, is simply not a saloon, let alone a great one

And if it isn't a saloon, it sure as hell ain't real American, no sir. □

J. Stark

Cloudy Evidence about Air Pollution

Many environmentalists campaign against pollution with a moral fervor reminiscent of evangelists crusading against sin. And perhaps this tone is appropriate, for environmentalists too must often rely more heavily on faith than fact to win converts. Despite the general cogency of their warnings about disrupting the ecological balance, and despite the value of their sensitivity for natural beauty and diversity, environmentalists can muster little solid evidence to support many of their claims. The technical literature in the field, which is saturated with qualified guesses and predictable rebuttals, reveals a startling lack of agreement as to the real dangers, sources, and even definitions of pollution. Indeed, given the ever-expanding volume of research and the enormous publicity devoted to the environment, it is nothing short of miraculous how little is actually known about the subject—and, still more frightening for policy formulation, how little is known about how little is known.

An indication of the problem emerged during the furor over catalytic converters and the attending adjustments of interim automotive emission standards. The 1970 Amendments to the Clean Air Act established stringent new limits on the three principal pollutants emitted by motor vehicles—hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide, and nitrogen oxides. By 1975, there was to be a 90% reduction in hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emissions below the allowable level of 1970 cars; and by 1976, a 90% reduction in nitrogen oxide emissions below the average level of 1971 cars sold outside California.

Confronted with these deadlines, American automobile manufacturers decided on one basic approach—the catalytic converter. They believed that only catalyst technology could both reduce emissions to the required levels in time and protect their investments in the conventional internal combustion engine. Others, including the National Academy of Sciences, criticized this method as not durable or economically sound, but the time constraints diminished the possibility of more novel or experimental technology being attempted by the automakers. As Allen V. Kneese and Charles L. Schultze conclude in *Pollution, Prices, and Public Policy*, a different "strategy that set less rigid deadlines, tried to deal specifically with some especially bad local situations, but provided incentives for phasing out the internal combustion engine would almost certainly have been preferable and more likely to achieve longer-run objectives."

But that, of course, was not the strategy Congress adopted, as the current reliance on oxidation catalysts demonstrates. Catalysts were employed and have undoubtedly worked to a degree. Hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide, and nitrogen oxides have indeed been reduced, albeit by rather inefficient, cumbersome, and generally troublesome means. Unfortunately, however, there is now evidence that in the process of removing these three pollutants from auto emissions, the catalysts actually accelerate the production of another. Before the era of the catalytic converter, the small sulfur emissions from cars, which were released primarily as sulfur dioxide, were of minor concern. But it now appears that catalysts are converting this previously innocuous by-product into much more dangerous substances—sulfuric acid and highly toxic sulfates. Problems, in other words, have been traded off—for one "solved," one has been "created."

What's to be done? Citing this newly discovered health hazard (or potential health hazard), Russell E. Train, Administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, announced in March 1975 that he would request a delay in imposing mandated emission standards until 1982 —much to the consternation of many devout environmentalists, who view the postponement as a tricky evasion, a reneging on the public commitment to clean up the air. They ask if it is really necessary, if the new emissions really pose such a threat to public health and property as to warrant the suspension. On the other hand, of course, it might be asked whether the original pollutants posed such a threat as to warrant the rather rash measures legislated in the first place.

No one is sure of the answers—not a unique dilemma in this area. While it is generally accepted that heavy concentrations of carbon monoxide are a danger to human health, especially for people with heart disease and emphysema, and that hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides produce smog which corrodes materials, irritates the eyes, engenders respiratory diseases, and aggravates heart and lung conditions, the detectable threshold of harm for any one pollutant depends on many factors—air movements, concentration of emissions, exposure, and sensitivity of the receptor. The 1974 annual report of the Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ) notes, "Very complex conceptual problems arise when one attempts to equate the presence of one or more pollutants with a corresponding quantitative estimate of resulting damage"; and *Pollution, Prices, and Public Policy* cites the problem of establishing "the relationship between environmental conditions in a particular location and the source of the... emissions that caused the conditions." In sum, Kneese and Schultze observe, "Policy making... must operate in a world of imperfect knowledge, in which the relative cost and effectiveness of various abatement devices, and the interaction of pollutants with the environment, are subject to great uncertainty."

That is an understatement. Disagreement on all sorts of environmental questions is rampant in the scientific community. In an article appearing in the *Journal of the Air Pollution Control Association* (March 1973), for instance, Lyndon R. Babcock, Jr. and Niren L. Nagda of the University of Illinois compare five conflicting opinions as to the relative hazards presented by major air pollutants. They rank the pollutants according to the "severity factors" assigned to them by different studies, including their own, and note that while "CO is considered least deleterious [by unit] on all scales,... the scales vary considerably." Very considerably: The severity factors assigned to hydrocarbons is 2 on one scale, 124 (using the same unit) on another; those for nitrogen oxides range from 22 to 100. Dr. Babcock of course defends his own scale—faulting the others as either overweighting or underweighting different chemical reactions.

There is a similar want of consensus as to the dangers presented by various sources of air pollution. Because equal amounts of different pollutants do unequal amounts of damage (e.g. one gram of nitrogen oxide is more deleterious to health than one gram of carbon monoxide), everyone seems to agree that measurements of air pollution emissions should be adjusted according to their effects. But no one seems to agree as to *how* they should be adjusted. Motor vehicle emissions constitute roughly half of all air pollutants *by weight*—industrial processes, solid waste disposal, stationary fuel combustion, and other miscellaneous sources supply the rest—but for what percentage of the *total harm* done by air pollution are they responsible? In 1972, Dr. E.G. Walther, Coordinator of Environmental Studies with the Museum of Northern Arizona, calculated that transportation sources accounted for 39.1% of all harmful air pollution effects, but Babcock and Nagda countered with the much smaller figure of 16.4%. In stating that "Babcock's method probably underestimates the adverse impact of transportation sources," the CEQ's 1973 annual report acknowledges the speculative nature of such figures.

Given all this doubt, it would seem very difficult indeed to establish effective priorities and policies for air pollution control. Yet this is the stuff that environmental laws are made on—and one cannot help but wonder if some of the lawmakers are not "rounded with a sleep" when they vote.

As suggested above, the "knowledge gap" plaguing the pollution control in-

dustry is nowhere more palpable than in the spate of research attending the catalytic converter controversy. The "technical findings" and "scientific recommendations" which led to Train's announcement are truly comical. An EPA "Issue Paper," which was released on January 30, 1975, and which summarizes the results of a number of studies the agency commissioned on catalytic converters, states: "A detailed benefit-risk analysis was performed to estimate the trade-offs to public health in using oxidation catalysts by comparing increased sulfuric and exposure dis-benefits [*sic*] to benefits associated with reduced exposures to carbon monoxide and oxidants (unburned hydrocarbons are the key precursors). Although the comparison of health benefits and risks is difficult to precisely quantify, the results of our recent analysis suggest that... the continued use of oxidation catalysts... would result in a net public health risk...." This qualified conclusion is further qualified by a note that it "is based upon assumptions about dose responses and human exposure about which there still remain uncertainties."

Many of those uncertainties are strikingly revealed in "Estimates of the Public Health Benefits and Risks Attributable to Equipping Light Duty Vehicles with Oxidation Catalysts," one of the studies to which the "Issue Paper" refers. Though the authors of the report concede that their "best efforts allow only a rough approximation" of benefits and risks traceable to catalysts, they urge policy-makers to forge ahead with the air pollution control effort anyway. "It is unlikely," they argue, "that major national decisions affecting public health, energy and transportation can wait until our ability to make benefit-risk analysis of motor vehicle emissions is significantly improved." To await such an improvement before attacking environmental problems would "leave a rather large but poorly defined residual of continuing ill health."

Such a sweeping warning arises primarily from concern over air pollution's effects on acute and chronic respiratory disease. On this very subject, however, the report offers us little information that is particularly enlightening. We are told that "laboratory studies in animals indicate that exposure to elevated levels of photochemical oxidants are likely to increase the risk for excess acute respiratory disease in man," but that "existing epidemiologic studies have not yet been able to disentangle oxidant effects from the other major determinants of such illnesses." As for persistent cough, production of sputum, shortness of breath, and other more severe complaints, we learn that "at present there is not a substantial body of laboratory or epidemiologic evidence indicating that either photochemical oxidants or carbon monoxide constitutes a risk factor for chronic respiratory disease. However, responsible scientists *will not be surprised* if future studies reveal a contributing role for photochemical oxidants in these disease processes" (italics mine). The authors also intimate that they would not be surprised to find photochemical oxidants causing a wider "variety of systemic changes that constitute adverse health effects." Nor would they be surprised by as-yet-undiscovered but "substantial benefits associated with the control of carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons."

And so it goes—best judgments based on tentative assumptions about imprecise and unreliable evidence, which are then denounced by opponents on equally flimsy authority. The muddiness is by no means confined to automotive emissions or even air pollution more generally; it characterizes much of our "knowledge" about the environment. While pollution is undeniably a very great evil, it is not as yet an especially well-defined one.

There is a huge discrepancy between environmental rhetoric, which is deceptively clear, and known environmental fact. The public and policy-makers alike should be aware of this discrepancy and be duly cautious, for as laws are passed, costs escalate—most estimates for the cost of reducing automobile emissions in the late seventies to currently legislated levels hover between five billion and ten billion dollars annually. More than righteous intentions are needed to justify such a great price. □

Alan Reynolds

Government Can't Create Jobs

Few government policies enjoy such wide support as does the idea of alleviating unemployment in the private economy by creating public service jobs. Some such scheme has been enthusiastically endorsed in such diverse journals as the *New Republic* and *Fortune*, and by economists as different as the liberal Melville Ulmer and the conservative William Fellner. Not one of the various boosters of federal job creation, however, has really grappled with a rather fundamental question: Where is the government going to get the money to pay these people?

Suppose the government payroll is expanded by increasing the taxes paid by individuals. With the higher tax burden, those taxpayers would clearly be unable to spend as much on, say, housing and cars. The inevitable result is less private employment.

It may be objected that those employed by public service jobs will use their higher incomes to buy new houses and cars, or whatever, and workers in the industries that benefit from this spending will spend more too, sending ripples of new income through the economy. The net addition to the incomes of public service employees (above whatever they were living on before) will indeed increase *their* spending, but only by as much as the spending of taxpayers is reduced. There is no obvious net effect on total demand or employment. Taxpayers are simply buying the services of new government employees (services which were not considered worth their cost in the best of times) rather than buying products and services of their own choice. Moreover, the nature of spending by public employees would probably be quite different from that of the average taxpayer. Because the incomes of public service employees are lower and less permanent than average, relatively more will be spent on nondurables, such as food and clothing, and on used cars. The notion that this spending will somehow "trickle up" toward the depressed markets for costly new houses and consumer durables is not terribly persuasive.

Suppose we instead finance the added public payroll with higher business taxes. If businesses pass the expense along in higher prices, sales and employment will fall. If the tax is shifted to stockholders, stockholders will have less to spend. If businesses can't shift the added tax, other costs will have to be reduced—namely, investments, purchases, and payrolls. Again, private employment contracts as public employment expands.

Suppose we finance the public service jobs by reducing other spending—perhaps closing a military base, canceling a defense contract, or firing local police and firemen. In these cases, there is a decline in government employment to finance an increase in government employment. The only evident effect is to switch the nature of government employment, or of employment dependent on government purchases, into activities which were previously considered less essential.

Suppose we finance the added public payroll by increasing federal borrowing. As the government peddles more of its Treasury bills and bonds, it causes interest rates to be higher than otherwise. The government has to offer a return that will induce savers to put their money into government securities rather than into stocks, corporate bonds, or savings ac-

counts at banks or savings institutions. The higher real interest rates discourage whatever private credit-financed expenditures would otherwise have been induced by lower rates—including borrowing for capital equipment, mortgages, and auto loans. Private employment that would have been associated with private uses of lendable funds is replaced by public employment financed by public borrowing.

It is true that the higher interest rates resulting from larger federal budget deficits will induce people to hold smaller cash balances, thus increasing velocity (the amount of GNP purchased in some period with a given amount of money). The effect is equivalent to an addition to the money stock, but the evidence indicates that effect of interest rates on velocity is very small. That probably explains why fiscalists are rarely heard advocating high interest rates as an expansionary policy.

Finally, suppose we finance the added public payroll with new money. A sizable increase in the rate of growth of the money supply will generally stimulate employment for a while, when starting from a position of high unemployment. But we don't need an elaborate public employment scheme to increase the money supply, and the stimulus is a result of the monetary policy, not of the public employment program. Given a decision to inflate, it would create more real wealth to put the shot of new money (and new jobs) directly into the private sector, because more resources would then go into building factories and houses rather than into hand-to-mouth consumption.

Trading Jobs for Welfare

Having said all that, it must be admitted that there are some conceivable circumstances in which an increase in government employment might not be *completely* offset by a decline in private employment. The first such circumstance is measured by the degree to which the added government payrolls are matched by a reduction in spending on welfare and unemployment benefits. "If we don't provide jobs," said Senator Schweiker, "the workers will go on welfare or unemployment insurance." Yet this cannot possibly be a dollar-for-dollar trade, if only because people are not likely to accept jobs that offer no higher income, after taxes, than can be obtained without working.

Sar Levitan estimates that the budgetary cost of the 1971 Emergency Employment Act was reduced by about one-third through savings in social welfare expenditures and increased taxes from those employed by the program. But such a figure, even if it were believable, could not be extended to a much larger program, because there are other reasons for collecting welfare or unemployment benefits besides inability to find a job. The odds against drawing more and more public service employees out of the pool of insured unemployed and able-bodied welfare recipients presumably diminishes as the job program grows.

There are several reasons to suspect that very little of the money for a large public service job program will actually come from reduced welfare and unemployment benefits. First of all, the able-bodied portion of the welfare population consists mainly of female-headed households with small children, and these women are often not looking for work because they are not qualified to earn enough, even in public service jobs, to net a sufficiently higher income from work than from welfare, after paying child care expenses. In 1973, about 84% of the mothers receiving AFDC welfare were not employed, and only 11.5%

were actively seeking work. Secondly, those among the unemployed who are covered by unemployment insurance account for only half to two-thirds of the total, and are a relatively elite group who are least apt to be attracted by low-paying, temporary government jobs. The uninsured unemployed are far more likely to apply for such jobs. In a normal year, more than half of the unemployed have either quit their former jobs, have never worked before, or have not worked in some time—none of these people are eligible for unemployment insurance, so putting them in public service jobs would not reduce the cost of unemployment insurance benefits. Moreover, in order to keep people from quitting jobs to apply for public service jobs, a large public employment program can be expected to require a substantial period of unemployment for those applicants who were previously employed, so many might be nearing the exhaustion of their unemployment benefits. There is considerable evidence, from Stephen Marston and others, that when unemployment benefits run out, people miraculously find jobs very quickly.

In short, the notion that public service jobs could merely replace spending on welfare and unemployment benefits is mostly an illusion. Of those who had been employed under the Public Employment Program as of February 1973, 39 percent were under 21 years of age, and 44 percent had been unemployed for more than 15 weeks. Few people in these categories were likely to have been eligible for much in the way of welfare or unemployment benefits. Only 29 percent of the PEP employees were women, the major recipients of AFDC welfare, and only 11 percent had been recipients of public assistance. Though the program claimed to help the disadvantaged, the PEP employees had considerably more schooling, on the average, than did the unemployed as a whole. There is little conclusive evidence that the earnings of PEP employees were improved after participation in the program.

A second way that public employment might make a net addition to total employment is by shifting the national payroll from high wage to low wage jobs (e.g., Arthur Burns suggests exempting the *public* sector from minimum wage laws). If one million $20,000-a-year jobs are lost as a result of the taxes, borrowing, or inflation used to hire more government employees, the proceeds could then be used to finance two million $10,000-a-year government jobs (if the Civil Service didn't mind). With unemployment benefits available, however, it would not be a simple matter to get the displaced $20,000 workers to accept the $10,000 jobs. Skilled auto and construction workers are not apt to line up for such jobs as school and park aides, so serious unemployment problems would remain. In any case, the idea of public job creation loses much of its sex appeal when presented as a plan to increase employment by lowering wage rates.

Guaranteed Employment

All of the past and present public employment programs have been inherently unfair, because they have been available to only a tiny fraction of the unemployed. The $6.1 billion bill passed by the Senate in April, for example, did not even pretend to create jobs for more than a tenth of those who claim to be looking for work (and pretend is the right word). If such jobs are attractive, they must be rationed according to the whim of some bureaucrat or politician. If the jobs are not attractive, then they are superfluous. There is never a shortage of low-paying, unpleasant jobs.

Such considerations have given rise to an appealing but empty slogan: "A guaranteed job for everyone willing and able to work." The government should be, as Michael Harrington put it, "the employer of *first* resort." Yet the willingness to work is not an absolute, of course, but depends on the type of work offered, the location, and the pay and benefits. And it depends on the relative after-tax rewards available for *not* working. The 1975 report of the Council of Economic Advisers, for example, estimated that the increased unemployment benefits in January "would induce an increase in the unemployment rate by about 0.7 per cent."

If the government employed all those who are seeking work at terms they would voluntarily accept, then many who are discontent with their present jobs would quit or arrange to get fired in order to switch to public jobs. Private employers who couldn't pass on a comparable labor cost would go out of business, because of inability to compete with the government for labor. The government, unlike private

employers, can force consumers to buy its services, and thus cover any and all labor costs. But with guaranteed jobs available in each community, we would run into problems of how to induce people to move to areas, or to train for occupations, where workers are needed. Since the stated objective, in slogan form, is nothing less than zero unemployment, it presumably must be made illegal to quit a job, or to refuse one.

Communist countries generally solve such problems by assigning people to places and jobs, whether they like it or not, paying no unemployment benefits, and putting the unemployed in jail for "parasitism." Some American commentators, afflicted with an unemployment fetish, do not shrink from adopting a similar "cure." Terrence McCarthy, an editor of *Ramparts*, considers it "necessary that work be made compulsory for all adults in good health." Pete Hamill said much the same in the *Village Voice*. And it can't just be compulsory to take a job of your choice, since we might all choose to be editors of *Ramparts*. In a zero unemployment society, government would have to assign people to do the tasks that need to be done. A government with such total control over the fate of individuals could not possibly be controlled by them. Any semblance of individual choice, freedom, rights, or democracy would have to go.

A study by Alan Fechter, published by the American Enterprise Institute, figures that the usual job-creation program creates 12,500 to 50,000 jobs per $1 billion devoted to the purpose. As is typical of such studies, the author simply avoids the main question of whether or not an increase in government employment is offset by a decrease in private employment: "The question of program financing," says Fechter, "is not examined in this study." When we are talking about providing permanent jobs for something like eight million unemployed plus another million who stopped looking for work (but presumably did not stop eating) due to discouragement, the question of financing can hardly be blinked away. Taking a midpoint between Fechter's estimates—say, 30,000 jobs per billion dollars—nine million jobs would cost $300 billion. By the most pessimistic estimate, it would cost $720 billion. And such figures are still ignoring any displacement of private employment as a result of competition for labor, or as a result of the taxes, borrowing, or inflation used to finance more government jobs. The estimated number of jobs needed, nine million, also ignores the increase in the number of job seekers (especially housewives and teenagers) that would surely arise in response to such a guarantee of employment on terms sufficiently pleasant and lucrative to induce everyone to work.

At this point, we are off to see the Wizard of Oz, caught up in the fairytale quality of the whole enterprise. We are considering using hundreds of billions of dollars, never asking where the money came from, to employ anyone who wants to produce low-priority services on whatever terms are necessary to induce all job seekers to accept the jobs. What is absurd in the extreme does not become brilliant by being adopted in part. □

Book Review/John R. Coyne, Jr.

For God, for Country & for Peanut Butter

Most of the columns and articles reprinted here were written between 1972 and 1975, three years which seemed several decades long and left America reeling.

Emotions were intense during those years, each week rolling in with a new shock wave. And then suddenly it was all over and now the emotions have totally subsided, and perhaps just because it was so intense and so often incredible it's hard to believe that it all really happened.

Richard Nixon? Spiro Agnew? Tapes? Watergate? Even for those of us who were in some way very personally involved, it all has a ghostly, far-off quality, and some of us find ourselves getting together occasionally over drinks just to remind ourselves that things did indeed happen as we remember them—and only a couple of years ago.

All of which is a roundabout way of saying that many of the pieces here—especially the Watergate material—are dated, the subject matter often giving off the ring of ancient history.

That is not, however, necessarily a flaw. Many of us are eventually going to have to make up our minds about what happened and why it happened. Historians and political scientists will be pawing over the Nixon Administration for years, and there will undoubtedly be enough Ph.D. dissertations ground out on Watergate minutiae to fill one wing of the Library of Congress.

But these analyses will be retrospective, and the buzz and the hum of the period in which events occurred will not be recaptured. And that is why it is valuable to have between a set of hard covers the observations of a man who commented on the events as they were unfolding.

And such a collection is especially valuable, of course, when the observer is William Buckley, who can pack more into a short column than most of us can get into ten chapters.

Execution Eve:
And Other Contemporary Ballads

by William F. Buckley, Jr.
Putnam's $9.95

It's about as much fun to probe back into that dismal period as it is to suddenly discover a new cavity. But Buckley's pieces are surprisingly painless. Time has proved most of his positions to have been correct: he believed Nixon should have destroyed the tapes; he was one of the first to advise Nixon to resign with grace, while he had the chance; and he correctly analyzed the flaws in Nixon's character which would not allow him to do so.

Yet these are in no way *emotional* pieces. Buckley is, of course, a committed conservative partisan, and did at one time see in Nixon the best hope for conservative Republicanism. But he did not, as so many of us did, allow himself to see either Nixon or Agnew as the ultimate personifications of his ideals. Such personification, he believes, is the fatal flaw in American politics. "The tendency to anthropomorphize our ideals is an American habit that can get us, indeed has just now gotten us, into deep trouble." And it's a tendency that will continue to get us into trouble, he predicts, as he tries to warn us that the amiability that characterizes Gerald Ford as a man has nothing whatsoever to do with the policies of his Administration.

Another example: Richard Nixon's China trip, which Buckley, almost alone among commentators, viewed with reserve and detachment. Most of us will have already seen the material, in slightly different form, on that trip, an event that now seems just as wildly implausible and unhinged as the other events of that period.

Yet a re-reading of that material is instructive—at least it is for me. I recall that in the review of *Inveighing We Will Go* I wrote for *The Alternative* a few years ago (when I was working for the Nixon Administration, incidentally), I chided Buckley for not realizing that Nixon's trip helped bring about, among other things, the end of the Vietnam war.

Perhaps it did, but today I can't say how, and I don't even have a clue as to

what I meant when I wrote those words.

But many of us were caught up in a frenetic swirl in those days. And now we have Gerald Ford's China trip, one of the most meaningless acts of his directionless Administration. The intensity of the Nixon years has abated, and suddenly the comparison, stripped of the emotional context, is an obvious one. Ford's trip is a senseless political act to win votes in '76, just as Nixon's trip, like all those other razzle-dazzle moves—remember controls?—was a demeaning political act, with no thought of the national well-being, taken to win votes in '72. Buckley, who viewed the whole circus coolly and clearly, was as right about China as he was about Watergate.

Yet I said earlier that Buckley's observations are remarkably painless. And they are. It's not that he doesn't feel for the people he deals with. It's just that when he writes about politics he is clear-headed, analytical, and, above all, detached.

Back in the sixties, Buckley put it this way: "Politics, it has been said, is the preoccupation of the quarter-educated, and I do most solidly endorse that observation, and therefore curse this century above all things for its having given all sentient beings very little alternative than to occupy themselves with politics."

Politics doesn't rate a mention on Buckley's list of likes. "I like, roughly, in the order described, (1) God, (2) my family and friends, (3) my country, (4) J.S. Bach, (5) peanut butter, and (6) good English prose." And were he to draw up a list of dislikes, I'm certain that it would begin: (1) politics.

Why, then, bother to write political columns? Simple. It's because of (1), (2), and (3), primarily. God seems less frequently to bless America (or America seems less frequently to acknowledge that blessing), and it becomes less and less the sort of nation family and friends can be comfortable in. What do you do about it? Why you attempt to set things right, of course, and the only two ways to do so are through prayer and politics. Buckley is a devout man, and so he prays. And he is a literary man, and so he writes political columns. He understands his subject matter better than most of his peers, and he handles it better than all of them. But that doesn't mean that he has to love it.

But if the world were a better place, in which the politicians did just what we hire them to do and no more, and in which Buckley therefore didn't have to write about politics, he would still be writing.

What would he be writing about? Everything, I suspect. In this collection, between bouts with things political, he squeezes in pieces on skiing, sailing, traveling. There are occasional flashes of that marvelous narrative gift of his, with its perfect pace, its compression, the use of just the right detail.

And there are those RIP's, the graceful farewells of a devout man to friends (and sometimes to foes, but foes *only* in the political and ideological sense) whom he expects to meet again one day in a better place. (And I hope that before he leaves us he writes his own eulogy. There isn't a writer around who could meet his standards.)

Buckley is above all a man of high standards, and his determination to live up to those standards explains the quality of his work. "We live," he writes, "in an age that is greatly tolerant of the notion that one communicates best by tactile contact and that knowledge is communicated by osmotic processes which it is vain to seek to understand, let alone to parse; in an age that flirts with the suggestion that it is an effrontery to suppose that there are standards to be observed; that there is life in form, let alone inspiration in it."

Life and inspiration in form, standards to be observed. And that explains it.

Let me try to illustrate what I mean by breaking a long-standing personal reviewing rule and quote from one piece at great length. Buckley leads into a discussion of proposed changes in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer with these two long opening paragraphs:

"As a Catholic, I have abandoned hope for the liturgy, which, in the typical American church, is as ugly and maladroit as if it had been composed by Robert Ingersoll and H.L. Mencken for the purpose of driving people away from the temples. The modern liturgists, incidentally, are doing a remarkably good job, attendance at Catholic Mass on Sunday having dropped sharply in the ten years since a few well meaning cretins got hold of the power to vernacularize the Mass, and the money to scour the corners of the earth in search of the most unmusical men and women to preside over the translation.

"The next liturgical ceremony conducted primarily for my benefit, since I have no plans to be beatified or remarried, will be my funeral; and it is a source of great consolation to me that, on the occasion, I shall be quite dead, and will not need to listen to the accepted replacement for the noble old Latin liturgy. Meanwhile, I am practicing yoga so that, at church on Sundays, I can develop the power to tune out everything I hear while attempting, athwart the general calisthenics, to commune with my Maker, and ask Him first to forgive me for my own sins, and implore Him, second, not to for-

"*The Alternative* is a lively, provocative, and intelligent magazine which I read faithfully. There is nothing else quite like it on the American scene."

—Irving Kristol

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give too lightly the people who ruined the Mass."

Now what can you do with that, except to quote it? It's part of the reviewer's task to explicate, to summarize, to quote economically. Yet how do you do that here? Where do you insert that convenient tool, the ellipsis? I see only two words which are unessential, but removing even those would damage the rhythms of the sentences in which they occur. Several phrases could be dropped, but at the expense of stylistic and substantive subtlety.

Far better to let it stand whole and speak for itself, a perfect mini-essay, combining humor and high seriousness. It's a funny piece. But it's also a serious piece, the subject being God, and how we praise Him and talk to Him. I know of no more serious subject.

The subject is also standards, and the relationships between form and standards, between inspiration and form. It is a happy piece, because Buckley is a happy man, a man who knows who he is and what he is and where he is going, a man who can laugh at the prospect of his own death, for death is the happy beginning of a true Christian life.

It is also a satirical piece, of course, for the man of standards in an imperfect world must either surrender to tears or adopt a satirical attitude, and by so doing hope, by mocking their follies, to nudge his brothers back toward those standards they tend to stray from.

It is also a sad piece, for although the man of standards may be happy in himself, he must necessarily grieve at the collapse of those standards in the world around him and at the collapse of those forms that symbolize those standards.

And finally the essay is a construct. It meets the most exacting literary standards, a perfect wedding of content—or perhaps life—and form. As the New Critics used to like to say, form *is* content. And it very well may be.

This little essay on the liturgy is typical of the best of Buckley. And it explains why I think William Buckley is the best writer of nonfiction prose practicing today. □

The Talkies

by Robert Asahina

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Certain "cult" novels and films have had the power to embody as well as define the political and cultural essence of recent decades. One need scarcely be reminded of *Catcher in the Rye* in the 1950s, and if *Easy Rider* was the quintessential movie of the 1960s, the novel that seemed most directly tied to that decade's collective unconscious was Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.* First published in 1962, it prophetically prefigured—and, in so doing, influenced—the rise of the counterculture that was to emerge in the next few years. Kesey's prescient novel, set in an insane asylum, explicitly delineated the political and cultural themes that were to become dominant in the '60s: the rebellious anti-authoritarianism, the drug culture, the uneasy alliance between political revolution and psychedelic experience, and—most of all—the "politics of madness," in which insanity (especially schizophrenia) is seen as the only "sane" response to a repressive, institutionalized, and technological society.

After 13 years, Kesey's prophetic parable has been made into what appears to be a cult movie for the 1970s. It is rare for a cult movie to be made from a cult novel, and rarer still for one to be made successfully. Although the new movie, starring Jack Nicholson, is superior in many respects to the novel, it is also less satisfying—a seeming paradox grounded in crucial differences between the two, differences that reveal a great deal about the time that has lapsed between the writing of the novel and the making of the movie. The differences are not those of the literary versus the cinematic, but those of the '60s versus the '70s.

To take an important example: The intervening 13 years have been marked by a remarkable shift in cultural attitudes toward women. In the novel, the archenemy of the hero, McMurphy, is Nurse Ratched—who is known as the "Big Nurse"; and it is clear that Kesey intended her to represent the rationalistic and civilizing (therefore, "feminine" and castrating) force which robs men of their individualistic and animalistic (therefore, "masculine" and powerful) nature. McMurphy describes his fellow inmates in the book as "victims of a matriarchy," and Kesey's Big Nurse is the embodiment of the grotesque parody of womanhood that accords with such a misogynist's view—a parody possible, perhaps, in a decade still emerging from what others had characterized as an era of "Momism," but scarcely credible in our "enlightened" decade.

Indeed, it has been reported that Anne Bancroft, Angela Lansbury, Geraldine Page, Colleen Dewhurst, and Ellen Burstyn all turned down the movie role of the Big Nurse. It is a credit to the direction of Milos Forman and the superb acting of Louise Fletcher that the change in cultural attitudes has been so skillfully rendered in the movie as a change in sensibility. Fletcher's Big Nurse is no longer an ogre, but rather a bland, impersonal, and nearly faceless administrator—a bureaucratic embodiment of the banality, rather than the monstrosity, of evil.

But this transformation of Nurse Ratched's character poses some difficulties. In the novel, the Big Nurse was a "high official" of "The Combine"—Kesey's paranoid conception of an Establishment which manipulates and controls people both inside and outside the asylum. But although the cinematic Big Nurse is more of a bureaucratic type than her literary counterpart, the bureaucracy itself has vanished in the movie—there is no Combine, and the paranoids don't have a real Establishment to fear. This elimination of one of the central themes of the novel was necessary, perhaps, because of the difference between the cynicism of the '70s and the freewheeling and almost naive paranoia of the '60s, but it leads one to wonder what it is that the movie McMurphy is battling against—since it isn't the Matriarchy and it isn't The Combine—and what it is he's battling for.

Unfortunately, though with no discredit to his acting, Nicholson provides no answers in his portrayal of the rebel McMurphy. The transformation of the character of McMurphy is the third crucial difference between the novel and the movie. In the novel, McMurphy is a six-foot, red-haired, brawling he-man—a sort of hip Paul Bunyan. Appropriately, when *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was produced as a play, Kirk Douglas

played the lead. But that was a decade ago, and now such a characterization would be as corny as the conception of the Big Nurse in the novel would be grotesque and unbelievable.

Instead of Paul Bunyan, Nicholson plays the punk who's wised up, the wiry s.o.b. who's just a few years past his prime. In a sense, Nicholson is no less "All American" than Kirk Douglas—it's just that our notion of an "All American" has changed. In the novel, it is clear not only what McMurphy is battling against, but also what he is battling for—the manhood of his fellow inmates. He is not merely a liberator, but a saviour and a redeemer. But Nicholson brings such a sly and studied ambiguity to his characterization of McMurphy that the issues that were clearcut in the novel have become blurred in the film. This is not to suggest that the novel is somehow "better" than the film—in fact, just the reverse is the case, if we limit our consideration to the simplemindedness of much of the novel: The male/female and individual/institution conflicts are depicted in crude fashion, and the hero and the villain, who have been described by some critics as "archetypes," are really little more than cartoon figures. The movie does, indeed, bring a refreshing realism and sophistication to what is basically an overblown psychedelic/religious comic book.

But along with this sophistication, the movie introduces an ambiguity, not found in the novel, concerning artistic purpose. Kesey clearly intended the asylum to be a metaphor for society as a whole and regarded McMurphy as a hero triumphant, even in his death, over the machinery of an insane society. Although Forman has explicitly stated in interviews that his purpose was the same as Kesey's, that intention is not manifest in the film: the metaphor no longer operates successfully because of the very transformations that were made in the interest of realism and sophistication. This is most troublesome because those moviegoers who have not read the novel—who are not aware of how both McMurphy and Nurse Ratched differ from the characters in the novel, or of how the male/female and individual/institution conflicts have been virtually eliminated—are still likely to see the movie as Forman does, as a paean to the free spirit who triumphs through nonconformity. But it is no such thing.

We are so used to sentimentalizing the individual who "bucks the system" that we often shut our eyes to the possibility that the "system" just might have some justification. The problem with the movie is that it simply isn't obvious—as it is in the book, with its cardboard characters—that Nicholson's McMurphy is any more virtuous or any more sane than anyone else—including Nurse Ratched. This might be the price to be paid for trying to make a "realistic" movie out of a novel that can only be regarded as fantasy.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest is a novel of the '60s—perhaps *the* novel of that decade. The movie version is simply ten years too late—too late to render the novel adequately in the fashion of that decade, and too sophisticated to capture its clearcut, if simpleminded, purpose. As a novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* succeeds in spite of—or perhaps because of—its limitations. As a movie, it fails, in spite of the excellence of its performances and production. □

Book Review/Dale Vree

Counterattack of the Radicals

Beginning in the middle-to-late 1960s the liberal intellectual community split into radical-liberal and moderate-liberal camps, with the radicals pitching tents in such publications as the *New York Review of Books*, the *Nation*, and *Dissent*, and the moderates (led by Irving Kristol) pitching theirs in *Commentary*, the *Public Interest*, the *New Leader* (and occasionally in the pages of *The Alternative*). If Charles Kadushin's study of elite intellectuals is a reliable guide, the radicals won a significantly larger number of prestigious intellectuals to their side than did the moderates (see *The American Intellectual Elite* [Little, Brown, 1974], pp. 30-31). This is perhaps one reason why the moderates have focused so much of their firepower, not only on the *ideas* of the radicals, but on the "intellectual class" as such. In the collection of essays under review here (most of which originally appeared in *Dissent*), the radicals return fire—and, with a linguistic sleight of hand, burden their moderate opponents with the pejorative label, "new conservatives." Regrettably, the counterattack is haphazard; both the quality and relevance of the essays are uneven. Perhaps this is partly inevitable since the "new conservatism" is not a systematic political philosophy, but rather a *mood* of a heterogeneous group of individuals. According to Lewis A. Coser, that mood is broadly Burkean-*cum*-Niebuhrian in that the new conservatives place great stress upon the "recalcitrance of social realities and sinful men" to the efforts of social engineers (p. 6).

Unlike many of the *old* conservatives, the *new* conservatives cannot easily be ignored by mainstream intellectuals, for they simply cannot be dismissed as plutocratic lapdogs and would-be aristocrats out to roll back social democracy and the income tax. The new conservatism, in Joseph Epstein's words, "speaks neither in the gruff voice of established privilege nor in the hollow one of aristocratic pretension.

The New Conservatives: A Critique from the Left

edited by Lewis A. Coser and Irving Howe
Quadrangle $9.95

No... it appears to be a conservatism arrived at upon disinterested grounds—a conservatism more purely intellectual, and hence more formidable, than any in recent decades" (p. 9). Furthermore, many of the new conservatives are former leftists who (unlike many of the old conservatives who once were Marxists) have not entirely disowned their past. Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary*, is one example. As Epstein points out, his hostility to "quotas, the mentality behind the zero population growth movement, the New Left, the New Politics, and that group of moneyed, morally smug, and well-schooled Americans David Bazelon once described as the New Class" is not contrary to his background as a democratic radical" (p. 14). Although Epstein does not elaborate, it would be well to point out to orthodox leftists that much of the hostility of the new conservatives to the current Left is rooted in a radical, social democratic distaste for irresponsible elites of all kinds—particularly, at this point in American history, the ascendant elite of New Class intellectuals and professional people—or, more simply, the "verbalists." Likewise, orthodox rightists should be warned that the new conservatives may not be willing to make common cause with them simply for the sake of returning this country to the money-worn clutch of the entrepreneurial class.

Whereas the opening contributions by Coser and Epstein discuss the new conservative phenomenon in general, the essays that follow—some of which I shall discuss—focus on particular aspects of the phenomenon.

* * *

Michael Harrington offers a sharp critique of the "limits of social policy" school led by Nathan Glazer, Daniel P. Moynihan, and Daniel Bell. The failure of the Great Society programs, argues Harrington, was caused, not by a government that did too much, but by a government that did too little. Furthermore, says Har-

rington, one cannot generalize about the inherent limits of social policy from the narrow data base of a few flawed efforts. Ultimately, I fear, this debate cannot be resolved conclusively by appealing to empirical evidence because every time a liberal program fails, there will always be a radical-liberal who pops up and says, "The failure of a few programs does not prove that all programs must fail. If only you will try harder (and spend more money) you will at last succeed." From a *logical* point of view, the radical cannot be defeated—even though his position smacks of infinite regress and even though his data base will likely by narrower than that of Glazer et al. But let us not forget that radicals also generalize from a narrow data base when they see fit. You know: The American loss in Vietnam proves that America can never win a war against progressive Third World peoples. Or: The failure of Prohibition proves that the suppression of marijuana or abortion will not work. When the "limits of policy" shoe (or sandal, or hiking boot, as the case may be) fits, radicals will gladly slip it on.

* * *

In the next essay, Bernard Rosenberg and Irving Howe worry about whether the rightward movement of Podhoretz's *Commentary* (published by the American Jewish Committee) is representative of Jewish sentiments as a whole. Rosenberg and Howe accurately sketch the class cleavage within the American Jewish community—with the poorer, less-educated, and more religious Jews leading the movement to the Right. They foresee the rise of a conservative Jewish intelligentsia (around such people as Milton Himmelfarb) which will complement the growing conservatism of poorer Jews. The result for American Jewish life will be a "conservatizing of its dominant liberalism" (p. 88).

* * *

Michael Walzer, David Spitz, and Mark Kelman each contribute essays defending equality. Walzer offers a very thoughtful critique of the new conservatives' defense of inequality *of results* (as opposed to inequality *of opportunity*). Walzer agrees with the new conservatives (such as Kristol) that talent is distributed unequally and that the talented will tend to prevail in any given society. What Walzer does not accept is the assumption that the most talented should have most of the money in society, and that the richest people should have first claim on all the goods and services society distributes. In our society, says Walzer, "Political power, celebrity, admiration, leisure, works of art, baseball teams, legal advice, sexual pleasure, travel, education, medical care, rare books, sailboats—all these (and much more) are up for sale.... Now isn't it odd, and morally implausible and unsatisfying, that all these things should be distributed to people with a talent for making money? And even odder and more unsatisfying that they should be distributed (as they are) to people who have money, whether or not they made it, whether or not they possess any talent at all?" (pp. 109-110). Despite some oversimplification, Walzer does have a point. According to Walzer, different goods should be distributed to different people for varying reasons—sometimes merit and talent, sometimes need, and sometimes value and duration of labor. For example, political office and admittance to medical school should be distributed to those with talent (not according to racial or sexual quotas), medical care to those in need, and rare books and sailboats to those who work for them. Furthermore, those who are talented (such as politicians or lawyers) should not for that reason be made rich—a sentiment now given some respectability by California's maverick Governor Brown. Some conservatives (especially the old-style ones) will howl about ghastly "uniformity" and "loss of incentives" here. But, in my view, when they do, they only reveal how shallow their emphasis on natural human inequality and competitiveness really is. If the talented are not out competing for money and property, they will be out competing for esteem, status, influence, power, deference, and the like. The eminent sociologist and classically liberal economist, Vilfredo Pareto, taught us this long ago; and not even bolshevism has been able to produce an egalitarian society. Those who recognize the natural, inherent inequality and selfishness of human beings will find no cause to worry on *this* score (although there may be other grounds for worry).

Some might object that the argument for greater equality of income and property is an argument for equality *of results* instead of equality *of opportunity*. Not necessarily—for the issue cannot be sliced so neatly. To argue for equality of income is not the same as arguing for equality of influence, status, and power. The society of *across-the-board* equality *of results* (where the superior piano player must wear heavy mittens so as not to intimidate the great mass of inferior piano players—see Kurt Vonnegut, "Harrison Bergeron," in *Welcome to the Monkey House* [Dell, 1970]) would be manifestly unjust—for precisely the reasons Aristotle outlined long ago in his *Politics*. But, on the other hand, we know that inequality of results *does* undermine equality of opportunity for the simple reason that the well-to-do pass along incalculable advantages to their offspring—to the detriment of everyone else's offspring. Both Spitz and Kelman make precisely this point. Says Spitz: "inequalities of result create privileges that vitiate equality of opportunity and thereby render inequitable the results that have in fact emerged and will continue to emerge, and... society must then intervene to redress or even (perhaps) cancel out those privileges so as to restore—or newly establish—an initial equality of opportunity" (p. 149). Obviously, a *perfect* equality of opportunity will never exist—and should never exist, since it would require the abolition of the family—but that does not mean that steps should never be taken to limit inequality of results.

* * *

Robert Lekachman tells us about the "conservative drift in modern economics." His point is that the value-free discipline of economics plays into the hands of the Friedmanites, and yet somehow most economists are value-laden political liberals of the McGovernite bent. Would that he had explained why.

* * *

Gus Tyler contributes a rebuttal to Moynihan's book, *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income*, a discussion of the Family Assistance Plan (FAP). Tyler's piece originally appeared in the *New Leader*, and received article-length criticism from Edward Banfield and Leslie Lenkowsky (plus a rejoinder from Tyler) in a subsequent issue (May 28, 1973). Unfortunately, Coser and Howe did not include the Banfield and Lenkowsky replies. At issue in this interesting debate is whether FAP (and other Nixon policies) was a "liberal" or a "conservative" policy, that is, whether FAP would have achieved a general strengthening of the welfare state or not, whether it would have promoted a redistribution of income or not, whether it (as an "incomes strategy") was designed to replace or supplement the "services strategy" component of the welfare state. The debate makes it quite clear why those new conservatives who do not feel solidarity with the rising New Class—especially its HEW branch—will join with many old conservatives (especially the libertarians) in favoring direct payments to the poor, thereby eliminating many New Class middlemen such as social workers and welfare bureaucrats.

* * *

David K. Cohen (a co-author, with Christopher Jencks, of *Inequality*) asks, "Does I.Q. Matter?" He takes issue with Richard Herrnstein and H.J. Eysenck who argue that intelligence (as measured by I.Q. tests) is an increasingly important factor determining one's wealth, status, and power in American society. Cohen rejects the proposition that America is—or is becoming—a meritocratic society. (Again, this volume would have profited if the editors had included Herrnstein's rebuttal—and Cohen's rejoinder—as they appeared in the August 1972 issue of *Commentary*.

Some old conservatives get gratification from those such as Herrnstein and Eysenck who argue that human intelligence is unequally distributed and largely a matter of heredity. Presumably, the liberal myth of human equality is

thereby dispelled. More perversely, they sometimes feel permitted to chuckle to themselves that the benighted boys in the mischievous trade unions (not to mention some nonwhite races) *deserve* their lot—perhaps deserve even less—because, after all, they are... well... *stupid*. But ultimately, I doubt that conservatives (old or new) are going to get much mileage out of this I.Q. business. If intelligence is used to *justify* inequality of income and power (that is, if it is said that the lower classes deserve their station because they are stupid—as measured by quantitative techniques), then it will be very difficult to challenge the claim (muted, yet perceivable) by obviously bright New Class verbalists that *they* deserve the dominant voice in society because of their proven mental abilities.

The elite which probably requires high intelligence (or at least intellectual ability—as demonstrated, say, by the collection of degrees from prestigious institutions of higher learning) more than any other elite is the verbalist elite. Already there is (quantitative) evidence that the most prestigious and most productive academic intellectuals are more left-wing than less prestigious and less productive ones (see Everett Carll Ladd, Jr. and Seymour Martin Lipset, *The Divided Academy* [McGraw-Hill, 1975], chapter 5). We have known for quite a while that the verbalist elite is the most left-wing elite in the country. Those conservatives who believe high I.Q.'s *should* correlate with wealth and power had better watch out, because perhaps it will be conclusively demonstrated that the very highest I.Q.'s correlate positively with leftism. It was not for nothing that William F. Buckley, Jr. once said he would rather be governed by the first two thousand names in the Boston phone book than by the Harvard faculty, nor that R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. recently said that any public is better served by its bartenders and morticians than by its pundits. Just as the privileged do not have an automatic right to govern society, the intelligent do not either. *Neither* the best *nor* the brightest!

* * *

In "The Roots of Conservatism," Hanna Fenichel Pitkin gives us a searching critique of the thought of Michael Oakeshott. Since this reviewer studied Oakeshott under Professor Pitkin, he is tempted mightily to make extended comments. But he will eschew the temptation because of limits of space, and because the essay is not very compatible with the theme of the volume under review. Oakeshott is an old conservative, not a new one; furthermore, as a British subject, Oakeshott is not responding to those *American* events which produced the new conservatives. Finally, Oakeshott (as well as Pitkin) is a rather traditional political theorist, unsympathetic to the behavioral thrust of American social science, whereas most of the new conservatives are practicing social scientists. At the end of her essay, Pitkin briefly states her views on the relation of Oakeshott to the new conservatives: "On the one hand, he shares much with our own new conservatives: a fear of conflict and a quest for stability, a preference for minimal politics without participation or passion. On the other hand, he would surely be appalled to see a 'conservatism' like ours: devoid of all tradition, contemptuous of the society's history, using its traditions of constitutional liberty only as propaganda slogans while readily sacrificing them in the name of law and order.... For our neoconservatives, of course, are Rationalists through and through: idolators of the technological, engineering spirit; antihistorical positivists in education and epistemology; bureaucrats in government, truly engaged in 'the politics of empiricism' that sells out the future in return for present private profit or hasty accommodation to the latest civil disturbance" (p. 287). While Pitkin is sympathetic to, yet critical of, Oakeshott, she is clearly more sympathetic to his style of conservatism than to the social scientific style of many of the new conservatives. Those Straussians and traditionalists who reject all varieties of social science—even that neoconservative variety which speaks of the "limits of social policy" and which, in my opinion, is quite critical of the "technological, engineering spirit"—will likely appreciate this essay.

* * *

In the last essay of the book, John H. Goldthorpe attacks the present state of so-called "future studies." According to Goldthorpe, future studies have fallen prey to *historicism*, which is (in Karl Popper's words) "an approach to the social sciences which assumes that *historical prediction* is their principal aim, and which assumes that this aim is attainable by discovering the 'rhythms' or the 'patterns,' the 'laws' or the 'trends' that underlie the evolution of history" (Popper, *The Poverty of Historicism* [Harper & Row, 1957], p. 3). Although it is debatable to what extent this charge fits the work of Clark Kerr, Talcott Parsons, Daniel Bell, and Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener (as Goldthorpe contends), there is certainly an element of truth here. →

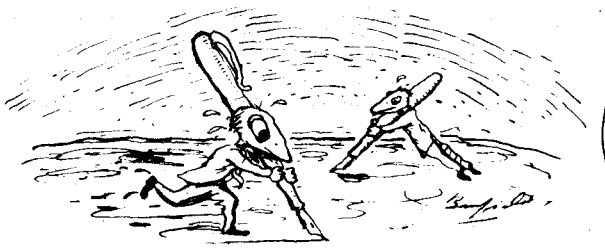
"He's *got* to fall down *sometime*."

In the old days, social science and Marxism ("scientific socialism") were, rightly or wrongly, associated in the minds of many. But in the wake of Marxism's failure as a science, more and more non-Marxists took up social science. No more would social science glibly equate "what will be" with "what should be" (as Marxism had done)—although there still are exceptions to this generalization. From the contemporary radical's point of view, social science became "conservative" because what social scientists said "will be" was manifestly *not* what radicals thought "should be." Hence, ironically, we find leftists such as Goldthorpe attacking one of the very cornerstones of classical Marxism, namely, the conviction that the future can be predicted or forecast on the basis of an analysis of the present and the past. One thing that old conservatives (especially some Straussians and traditionalists) can learn from the social science-oriented new conservatives—and from those radicals who attack social science for being "conservative"—is that neither social science nor the positivistic epistemologies which undergird social science must be seen as necessarily inimical to the politics of conservatism in the broadest sense.

* * *

The New Conservatives is a mixed bag. Nevertheless, those readers who are seriously interested in current partisan controversies among radical-liberal and moderate-liberal (or "neoconservative") intellectuals on issues in political theory, the social sciences, or public policy will surely find here several thought-provoking essays which will command their attention. □

Among the Intellectualoids



by J. Whitney Stillman

Robert A. Heinlein: Lonely at the Top

I am not a conservative but, like most decent people, a lifelong liberal who, shortly following my ninth birthday in 1961—and after years of growing disenchantment with proliferating government—read Robert A. Heinlein's monumental novel, *Stranger in a Strange Land*. Since that moment my attitudes, toward the state in general and nudity in particular, have been entirely transformed.

The "stranger" of the book's title is Valentine Michael Smith, the first human born and bred on Mars, and the "strange land" he comes to is Earth, which is of course familiar to us. Generically, the novel is a *bildungsroman*, the traditional story of a young man from the provinces who travels to the, usually corrupt, capital city. Examples of the genre are Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, Dickens' *Great Expectations*, and Magruder's *An American Life*.

Smith's initial problems on earth are in learning English and acceptable human behavior—difficulties with which most libertarians can strongly identify. But Smith is also terrifically rich, as both heir to a huge fortune and the sole legal owner of Mars. And his Martian foster-parents have given him something more valuable than a planet—the ability to tap at will seemingly superhuman "psi" powers. These are themes which have previously only been explored in the comics.

When a jealous politician—the president of the world government—endangers Smith's life, a kind-hearted nurse and an enterprising newspaper columnist smuggle him out of a Washington-area hospital to the retreat—"somewhere in the Poconos"—of "Jubal E. Harshaw, LL.B., M.D., Sc.D., bon vivant, gourmet, sybarite, popular author extraordinary, and neo-pessimist philosopher..." In short, someone very much like Robert A. Heinlein himself. The first part of the novel ends with Harshaw brilliantly, and successfully, defending Smith and his estate from government aggrandizement. This episode will remind libertarians of their own struggles against jealous inferiors.

Science fiction is known as the "literature of ideas," and *Stranger in a Strange Land* is virtually littered with these things. Many of the insights are Jubal Harshaw's. For example: "Jubal reckoned anything that happened to a theologian short of breaking him on the wheel as no more than meet..." Harshaw sees that the vast majority of people are stupid and susceptible to superstition, religion, et cetera. He sees that this majority will often try to suppress superior people who conduct their lives *rationally*. In many ways this part of the novel is better than Ayn Rand.

The message which Valentine Michael Smith brings to earth is somewhat related to the ancient wisdom of the Orient. (The planet Mars is itself, in some ways, to the east.) Smith's ideal is the achievement of *oneness* with all about him. He *notes with praise* and *cherishes* the essence of others so that he may fully *grok* and ultimately *grow closer* with them. This is even greater than Hermann Hesse.

Smith establishes a temple for his followers where they can relate honestly, without clothes. The casual style of dress lets them spontaneously celebrate their religious ceremony, *sharing water*—which, in our terms, means to "make love" or to "hose." The full implications of Smith's Martian concepts are hard to convey in English. They are life-giving rather than life-denying. (Recognizing the divinity in everyone, Smith uses as a salutation the phrase, "Thou art God."

Theodore Sturgeon, the great science fiction writer, declared that in *Stranger in a Strange Land* Heinlein gives a picture "of love, of worship, of honor and devotion more basic and more pure than anything earth has seen since the early days of apostolic Christianity..." Examples of this are easy to find in the text—in the following passage Heinlein represents the transformed consciousness of two characters, Duke and Patty, as they talk with Ben, a third.

"I don't mean just that it's fun to shack up with a bunch of bouncy babes. I love *them—all my brothers, both sexes. Take Patty—Patty mothers us. I don't think anybody gets over needing that. She reminds me of Jubal... and that old bastard had better get down here and get the*

* *Stranger in a Strange Land* is not a classic *bildungsroman*. Smith is first brought to the Bethesda Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland, which is only a suburb of the capital. This is the kind of literary risk that only a novelist of Heinlein's stature could successfully take. He might have had Smith taken to Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington itself. But that would have been easy.

word! My point is that it is not just that Patty is female. Oh, I'm not running down tail—"

"Who is running down tail?" a contralto voice interrupted.

Duke swung around. "Not me, you limber Levantine whore! Come here, babe, and kiss your brother Ben."

"Never charged for it in my life," the woman denied as she glided toward them. "Started giving it away before anybody told me." She kissed Ben carefully and thoroughly. "Thou art God, Brother."

"Thou art God. Share water."

"Never thirst..."

Encountering a passage such as this, it is impossible not to be immediately reminded of the opening books of the New Testament.

Smith's philosophy gains hundreds of adherents, but it also wins him the enmity of those who refuse to understand his simple creed: "thou art God." One day a hostile crowd collects outside the "nest" of Smith and his followers. He goes outside and, in the nude, tries to calm the increasingly volatile mob. "Oh my brothers, I love you so! Drink deep. Share and grow closer without end. Thou art God." Inside the "nest" Smith's disciples, watching him on stereovision, notice that "some trick of sunlight and stereo formed a golden halo back of his head." This seems clearly symbolic. Members of the mob viciously attack Smith, who then wills his own death, or "discorporation."

Jubal Harshaw is stunned by what he's seen, and shaken by the realization of Smith's death. He can't understand the seemingly callous unemotion of Smith's other followers. Finally, one of them explains it to him. "Mike is not dead. How can he be dead when no one can be killed? Nor can he ever be away from us who have already grokked him. Thou art God." Later Harshaw hears Smith speak to him; he has evidently been resurrected. This is a Biblical analogy.

I do not know how Heinlein got the idea of paralleling Smith's life to Christ's. It makes for a particularly moving denouement. Smith removes his clothing and confronts those in the crowd in order to share his love with them: "thou art God!" he says. But they can't accept his love. They are bigoted, and answer his love with hate—bricks, shotgun blasts, flaming gasoline.

Although Smith wills his own death, it is the mob which has, in effect, crucified him. Then he is resurrected. So the novel ends with a sense of promise. As Heinlein writes, "Mike pushed back his halo and got to work. He could see a lot of changes he wanted to make—" This is a happy ending, although Heinlein is making terrific fun of people who believe in religion. The Bible is 1,777 pages long but doesn't once mention the phrase "free market."

The final importance of *Stranger in a Strange Land* is as a powerful declaration of the individual's inalienable right to complete sexual self-expression. In the sixties, when libertarians were still struggling for social acceptance, it was often said—perhaps in jest—that a libertarian would make love to anything that moved. Today it is still often said. But that attitude reflects the most disgusting sort of Puritanism. Love with a motionless or inanimate object is just as beautiful as love with a moving one.

Morality, as everyone but traditionalist conservatives realize, is just another excuse society's privileged classes use to keep good people down. The fact is that most libertarians find it virtually impossible to get a date. Many people are afraid of their brilliance; others—incorrectly—believe that acne is contagious. Society owes these superior individuals the right to make love, or share water, with the object of their own choosing—whether vegetable or mineral—so long as the object gives its tacit consent.

It is lonely at the top, but I have found nudism a tremendous solace. □

Book Review/D.F. Rodgers

Thoughts of a Journeyman Wordsmith

Street Corner Conservative is not a good title for attracting readers who might flinch at the word "conservative." But the book well merits reading by those of every political persuasion. For the author, William Gavin, has contributed something toward pinning down the elusive definitions of our terms, "liberal" and "conservative."

Bill Gavin is an Irish Catholic, born and brought up in Jersey City, who, having left home, is now returning with his own political message to his own people. If you're an Irish Catholic, city-raised, then "this is your life." If you're an Irish Catholic, suburban-raised, then these are your roots (and the differences are negligible for urban Catholics of other nationalities).

When I opened the cover of the book, I didn't know Bill Gavin. Halfway through, I knew that the Jersey City bit was a cover story. He obviously came from the Bronx, probably no more than two blocks away from me. For whatever reason, he chose to change the names of the parish, the priests, the nuns, and the streets; but I know better. It is somewhat confusing, because people from Boston, Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Philadelphia are telling me he's someone from their old neighborhoods. I guess he's all of us.

Bill Gavin is a craftsman. He's a Journeyman Wordsmith. He got to me because he exposed many of my personal thoughts, beliefs, feelings, and dreams as unspoken and heretofore unrecognized bonds with my people, my beginnings,

Street Corner Conservative

by William F. Gavin
Arlington House $7.95

and my whole growth. He put them in print with clear, simple, supporting proofs, of which I may have been dimly aware, but had never before fully considered. The common values he pointed out include moral standards, faith in God, views on social rights and obligations, desires and goals for me and mine.

Gavin's main contention is that "liberalism," riding high for forty years, has failed the country and, more particularly, the "urban ethnic." Political leaders took him for granted until recently, but now condemn him as "racist" for opposing the forced busing of his children to schools outside their neighborhood. Gavin points up the frustration of today's life with Big Brother, as the government grows each day more demanding and less understanding; he shows the damage done to the two main pillars of the urban Catholic substructure—the Catholic Church and the Democratic Party.

Politically, however, I am not quite ready to accept what Gavin apparently is; for, indeed, I am not exactly sure what that is. Any discussion involving the terms "liberal" and "conservative" finds me in great need of a score card. If "liberalism" has led us to our present condition of high crime rates, destroyed moral standards, weakening of the family, failure of education, decaying cities, cynicism toward neighbor and government, and a world ready to go up in smoke, then I'm not a liberal. But still I say: must we not be liberal in caring for the unfortunate among us?

This irritation put aside, in a slim 146 pages Gavin has given many people much to think about. For the city Catholic, he has stirred up a great deal to consider and reflect upon. His origin, his values, his goals, and his self-understanding are up for reappraisal. (And, by God, maybe we're a hell of a lot better than our

built-in inferiority feelings allowed us to think, in this WASP society.)

To a whole generation of suburban-raised children of urban-raised parents, what an opportunity this is to get a start on the task of discovering "who you are" by finding out whence you came.

To the elected or "would-be" elected official, it offers an opportunity to break away from the media-created image of Archie Bunker, and instead to understand a whole people, take them at their word, and begin to hear their cries for help—before it's too late.

To the educators, it is a warning to *shape up!* It says to go back to the basics —the Three R's, morals, and rewards for work.

To those who make laws and administer justice the message is vital: there are few things in human existence less tolerable than injustice. A strong case is made that neighborhoods are truly an extension of the family, the very cornerstone of civilized existence. Gavin writes: "I believe that much of the furor that has accompanied the busing battle during the past few years might have been avoided if Supreme Court Justices had been given a seminar in Neighborhood Realities.... The revolt of the working class and middle class families against forced busing for racial balance is a predictable result of neighborhood pride and could possibly have been avoided if neighborhoods had been understood for what they really are—not geographical entities—but spiritual and social realities to be tampered with only at great risk and peril." Gavin has just touched this whole issue of the family and could do well at pursuing it on its own.

Finally, there are special and urgent messages to those who are dedicated to preserving the two-party system.

To the Democratic Party: "For the past ten years you have forgotten us. You seem to notice us only when we desert your arch-liberal unthinkables and vote Republican."

And to the Republicans: "When are you going to welcome us 'ethnic types' into your rapidly dying party by understanding that many of your economic principles are subject to change? If your party remains that of big business, ivy league patricians, and snobbery, you'll only get our votes once in every generation when the Democrats get carried away with a McGovern 'repeat.' "

If ever a book had timeliness, it's *Street Corner Conservative*. A country founded by "ethnics" is arriving at its two hundredth birthday with its ethnic heritage in danger of extinction. And as the crucial Presidential election of 1976 approaches, neither party has heard the cries of the middle class, much less the ethnic worker. If any election campaign worker hasn't read Gavin's book, I would turn him out if I were the candidate.

I described Gavin as a Journeyman Wordsmith. He was in his element talking to me, his own; and he did well. If he reaches the non-Catholic and non-ethnic audience that he should, then he could be on his way to the status of Master Wordsmith. □

The Business of America

by A. Lawrence Chickering

A Constituency for Business

At *The Alternative*'s recent conference on the future of corporations and our economic system, Irving Kristol argued that consumers could not be counted on as a reliable constituency to defend business against increasing attacks from the government and other places.

In the audience were a number of prominent economists, and I was struck that none of them challenged him, or at least considered the implications of his claim. More than any other group, economists regard consumers as the primary beneficiaries of a market economy; and one might have thought if economists have anything at all to tell us about how to defend our economic system against attack (though perhaps they do not), they would be loath to concede that the primary beneficiaries of the system can have no important part in defending it.

One difficulty becomes obvious in contrasting the problem of defending the *system*—an economy that allocates resources by prices—with the problem of defending *corporations*. The two are not necessarily identical, although many (particularly businessmen) tend to treat them so. Businessmen and their shareholders have a primary stake in defending corporations, while consumers' dominant concern is with the market system.

This point becomes clear in considering the issue of government regulation, for in the overwhelming majority of cases it is consumers, not producers (corporations and their shareholders), who press for deregulation. Whether the issue is de-regulation of the airlines by the CAB or of the trucking industry by the ICC, it is the industry spokesmen who, speaking in every other context about the glories of the market system, support continued regulation for themselves, citing "complexities that others don't understand" and "special circumstances."

On most issues, however, despite often contrasting positions on existing regulation, the interests of consumers and those of businessmen and corporations do coincide. Why then have businessmen been so unsuccessful in cultivating consumers to support business? How have businessmen permitted a situation to develop in which, following Ralph Nader, the public's perception is that business is either indifferent or actively hostile to the needs of its consumers?

Part of the problem is simple ideology. The Consumer Movement is a major current salient against the Establishment, and the news of greedy fat-cats ripping off their consumers thus becomes hot copy for our adversary-minded mass media.

A deeper problem is that the Consumer Movement represents not actual consumers, but an abstract class of "Consumers" made up of upper-middle-class reformer types (ostensibly) opposed to bourgeois values. Because "Consumers" don't like tailfins—whatever happened to tailfins? —they accuse businessmen of imposing "useless" (read "bourgeois") products on the public through advertising. The abstract class of "Consumers" oppose business not because business is indifferent to actual consumers, but, if anything, because business serves actual consumers *too well*. It's just that "Consumers" don't like the products that consumers want.

The important question is how (if) businessmen can respond to the situation —specifically, how they can assist the public in exposing the interests of the upper-middle-class "Consumer," and thereby encourage actual consumers to be an effective and forceful constituency in support of business.

The immediate response of most businessmen to the problem is economic

education. And for most businessmen, that normally means telling the public two things: (a) that profits are a cost of doing business, and (b) that the public should not mind paying them, because they are less than most people think. The implication of the latter point is that while profits may be a rip-off, they are a smaller rip-off than most people think.)

If profits were a cost of doing business, the obvious question would be how *much* profit is a cost of doing business? And what about losses: are they also a cost of doing business?

In a market economy, profits are *not* a cost of doing business: they are a *residual claim* that may produce either a profit or a loss, but in any event serve as a *signal* that tells business what to produce. In economists' jargon, profits are a signaling mechanism for moving resources from lower-valued to higher-valued uses. But again, valued higher only by actual consumers—by individuals voting with their dollars in the marketplace. The profit system is thus *the primary instrument of consumer control over producers and over business*. But while this explains consumers' very big stake in continuing to pay profits (as well as losses), it also explains the opposition of the upper-middle-class "Consumer" to the profit system.

Businessmen have a special problem making this point as they are in the uncomfortable position of trying to argue a view of the public interest that happens to coincide completely with their own self-interest. The result, fueled by the media and by "Consumers," is the present public perception of businessmen as a self-seeking oligarchy pursuing profits and indifferent to the public interest.

Businessmen can avoid this problem only to the extent that they can remove grounds for suspicion that their statements are selfishly motivated. Which means, in given situations, only if they express publicly their willingness to sacrifice personal advantage and give up the profits.

The oil industry offers a perfect example to illustrate the point. For a year or so following the OPEC embargo, rising oil prices sharply increased oil company profits, and during that period the industry was threatened by a possible excess profits tax. (As it was, Congress never imposed the tax, but did repeal entirely the oil depletion allowance.)

The reality of the problem of oil profits was precisely the opposite of its public myth. Reducing company profits (by an excess profits tax) would have produced every result we wanted to avoid: it would have increased our dependence on the OPEC countries; it would have reduced exploration for energy supplies; and as it thereby reduced the supply of energy, it would have increased the price of energy to the public. These were not results the public desired, but they were results that could be avoided only by increased production of oil (energy) in non-OPEC countries.

On the other hand—and underlying the dispute over oil profits—the media and upper-middle-class "Consumers" challenged the idea that we need more oil; they argued instead that we are "wasting" energy, and that our major efforts should go to conserving it, not producing more.

The oil/energy issue thus brought into conflict two opposing views of the public interest: one (by actual consumers) arguing for more oil; the other (by the abstract class of "Consumers") arguing for less. In the middle was the oil industry, which, because it did not understand the nature of the problem, did not, to put it mildly, cope very effectively with the situation.

The oil industry tried to justify its rising profits by explaining their importance for expanding energy supplies. But this strategy not only incurred the wrath of the media and the upper-middle-class "Consumers," it also provided them a weapon with which to discredit the oil industry and its argument. The "Consumers" could easily accuse the oil companies of self-dealing and trying to rip off the public, and the real consumers, who ordinarily would support a policy of expanding energy supplies, were unconvinced by the industry's statements about profits. In the oil industry, as in American business generally, a corporation's credibility depends first upon removing suspicions that its statements about profits are merely self-motivated.

If instead of *assuming* the public wanted more energy, the industry had limited itself to describing and clarifying alternative policies—increased energy production through higher profits on the one hand, versus lower energy production through lower profits on the other—the energy industry would have deprived the upper-middle-class "Consumers" of their primary weapon against business. If the industry had encouraged a public debate on the issue, and indicated an honest readiness to abide by the result (even if that meant the imposition of an excess profits tax), the oil industry could have offered an important example to all corporations about how business may regain at least some of the public trust and confidence it has lost over the past decade.

Occasionally, of course, the public might overturn the market and instruct Congress to tax. From time to time, the verdict might be for less oil, or even conceivably no oil. Management and shareholders would then go elsewhere, and produce other things, in response to new signals. If new signals are given, there is no reason why the Standard Oil management and stockholders could not take up the production of organic peanut butter.

It is only when businessmen make credible their own primary commitment to serve the public that they will also make credible the enormous stake that consumers have in our market economy. When they do, corporations will begin to find in consumers—if not as consumers, then as citizens of a democracy—the effective constituency which today business is without. □

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Book Review/Roger Pilon

Rawls and His Critics

In the introductory remarks to his 1967 anthology, *Political Philosophy*, Oxford don Anthony Quinton pointed out that recent philosophers have come "to accept a more limited conception of their powers and, in consequence, of their responsibilities:... very briefly, philosophy has the task of classifying and analysing the terms, statements and arguments of the substantive, first-order disciplines." Accordingly, Quinton observed that the "great tradition" of political philosophy from Plato and Aristotle to Marx and Mill had "petered out," yielding to the less all-inclusive concerns of political science and political sociology, though "an occasional magnificent dinosaur stalks on to the scene, such as Hayek's *Constitution of Liberty*, seemingly impervious to the effects of natural selection."

The appearance, just four years after these remarks were prepared, of John Rawls' *A Theory of Justice*, together with Robert Nozick's more recent *Anarchy, State, and Utopia*, suggests that Hayek may have been less a dinosaur than a prototype. Be that as it may, political philosophy in the "great tradition" is enjoying a revival, and the air is not a little refreshing for it. Even a cursory look through the professional journals will show that the normative analysis, so often eschewed or even disdained by recent philosophers, is no more being left to the "first-order disciplines" alone.

Not all of the credit for this recrudescence is owing to Rawls, of course, but as the publication of his tome was a major factor, it comes as no surprise that a collection of some of the articles Rawls has prompted should now appear. This book, the editor tells us, is a topically oriented collection of studies on *A Theory of Justice*, designed as a guide to reading Rawls. It brings together 14 academic philosophers (all but two of whose papers have already appeared, though often in different form, in professional journals) whose contributions Daniels has organized around Rawls' "original position," his method, principles of justice, and some of the relationships between the theory and the social sciences. Thus the book presupposes, if not a thorough reading of Rawls, at least a substantial appreciation of the issues he treats as well as the manner in which he treats them. (Rawls does not simply revive social contract theory in the tradition of Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau, for example, but introduces in addition a number of highly sophisticated refinements of that theory.) Though most of the articles are quite technical, they should not, with the exception of the formal parts of the argument of A.K. Sen, be beyond the understanding of anyone who has been able to get through Rawls' book.

When *A Theory of Justice* appeared it was immediately interpreted—both within and without the profession—as having provided the theoretical foundation for the *Zeitgeist*. Thus Daniels writes that Rawls "wants to reveal the principles of justice which underlie the dominant moral and political views of our period," and that ideology, he continues, is "a form of liberalism,... egalitarian liberalism." Whether Rawls has succeeded is very much open to question. Perhaps, however, this issue can be brought out more clearly as follows: it is customary for philosophers to distinguish principles of justice as either consequentialist (usually utilitarian) or nonconsequentialist. Very roughly, the former look to the good—the greatest good for the greatest number, say—whereas the latter look to the right, independently of consequences. Consequentialist principles are used to justify everything from abortion to social engineering, while nonconsequentialist principles, respecting more the traditional rights of the individual, tend rather to underpin our considered moral judgments, prohibiting judicial murder (in the face of a potential riot), for example, or the taking of property without due process.

Reading Rawls: Critical Studies of A Theory of Justice

edited by Norman Daniels
Basic Books $15.00, paper $5.95

Now Rawls is quite explicitly trying to avoid a form of utilitarianism, despite the fact that utilitarianism is ordinarily recognized to be the moral theory that best justifies egalitarian liberalism, which again most appropriately describes the kind of world that emerges from his theory. This tension between the kind of moral theory Rawls believes to be right and the kind of egalitarian world he wants to justify is the same tension at the heart of much of our contemporary political discussion. And not unexpectedly, it is at the heart of much of the discussion in this book. Both R.M. Hare and David Lyons, for example, are quick to challenge Rawls' arguments against utilitarianism. Lyons observes, moreover, that Rawls' principles of justice not only differ little from utilitarian principles, but will likely justify similar real-world arrangements. Other contributors as well raise probing questions concerning this relationship between Rawls' principles of justice and the world they purport to justify.

There is more at issue here, however, than these largely formal disputes. The real-world arrangements to which Lyons is referring are most notably those entailed by Rawls' famous "Difference Principle," which allows inequalities in such primary social goods as wealth, income, powers, authority, and the bases of self-respect only if those inequalities work to benefit the least advantaged in society. Most of the philosophers in this volume are concerned, however, not with criticizing these egalitarian arrangements but rather with criticizing the method by which Rawls justifies them. Egalitarianism, that is, is for the most part taken for granted; only the best justification for it seems to be at issue. Indeed, with the exception of the essay by H.L.A. Hart and, with liberal interpretation, parts of one or two other essays, these critics are all arguing from either a utilitarian or, in four cases, including the editor's essay, an explicitly Marxist perspective. The result is a discussion looking rather like a debate between Mr. Rockefeller and his critics to the Left: a whole world of views is all but ignored.

None of this is to say that these essays are not of high quality. They are, and the careful reader will profit greatly from them, for they raise serious and often searching issues. But they are instructive at another level as well, for they do give a fairly representative picture of the range of opinion one is likely to encounter among academic philosophers—indeed, among academicians in general. This is the egalitarianism we've seen come to full bloom in recent years in such strongholds of enlightenment as England, India, and New York, which locations are themselves instructive.

Owing then to the relatively circumscribed perspectives from which these critics take on Rawls, it was delightful indeed to witness in Nozick's recently published work the second breath of fresh air to pass through the philosophical world in this decade. Unabashedly libertarian, *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* has a lengthy section critical not only of the connections between Rawls' principles and the world he believes they justify, but of that very egalitarian world as well—all from a thoroughly nonconsequentialist perspective. Egalitarianism is wrong, Nozick is saying, not simply because it doesn't work, as many an economist might argue, but because it violates people's *rights*. There are things one (or the state) just cannot do to another, regardless of how much doing that might benefit the whole world. Here is the heart of the moral argument the proponents of egalitarian distributive justice all but ignore. Whether they will now continue to do so will be interesting to watch, as the (professional) returns on Nozick start coming in. (The more exoteric reviews have not unexpectedly been mixed, though the attention Nozick is receiving is alone a propitious sign.) It is at least noteworthy, then, that Rawls and his critics, as represented in this volume, are working within a *Weltanschauung* that has since been seriously called into question. And because of it the world of philosophy is not a little more open. □

David Brudnoy

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **Breakout:** There is this dreadful jail down Mexico way, and this perfectly innocent chap (Robert Duvall) rots therein, courtesy his wicked uncle (John Huston) and, for no apparent reason, the CIA. And so his highstrung wife (Jill Ireland) racks her brain for A Way Out. Eureka: Charles Bronson to the rescue—mustache, muscles, sneer, and a helicopter do the trick. *Breakout* breaks down in the second reel, becoming an unintended comedy. Which breaks the spell.

■ **The Hiding Place:** The Billy Graham folks bring you Julie Harris, among others, in a heart-rending tale of Dutch Christians resisting the Nazis, ostensibly to hide Jews, but actually to make an endless number of points about the vast superiority of Christianity over all other faiths. The Jews get lost in the shuffle, and when you've wiped away the tears, sloshed through the treacle, blown away the goody-goody pap, and subjected this remarkably propagandistic film to close scrutiny, you discover that—and I say these things rarely and not reflexively—the movie is insidiously anti-semitic, the underside of the Graham message brought blazingly home. Salvation, the movie makes abundantly clear, is possible only through faith in Christ, which is an evangelical substratum for a film that starts out as a thriller about Jews escaping Nazi persecution.

■ **The Human Factor:** George Kennedy playing a Bronson-like avenger in a sanguinary story of a political murder most foul. Your gut cheers on this man pursuing the killers of his wife and children; your brain, one hopes, pauses to ponder the implications of vigilantism in our day, and your sense of movie style recoils from its cloddishness.

■ **Hurry Up Or I'll Be Thirty:** The least likely hero since Ernest Borgnine's *Marty*, that's our Georgie—pudgy, homely, dull, but *sincere*. His pals are moronic, his job is boring, his girl's a chippie, and into his life there comes a lovely lass, who, inexplicably, falls for him. and then, inexplicably, deserts him. Along the way they romp in the waves, giggle and snuggle, and look soulfully at each other.

■ **Just Before Nightfall (*Juste Avant la Nuit*):** Claude Chabrol's most icy and repellant film, a story of guilt and expiation, of murder and suicide, of hypocrisy and lust, of the intertwining of bourgeois Catholic pieties and chic avant-garde understanding. Maybe, indeed, to know all is to forgive all, but to know all one's own vices is not necessarily to be able to forgive oneself, whereupon the sadomasochistic Charles (Michel Bouquet), who has murdered his best friend's wife, and confessed both to his own wife (Stephane Audran) and to his best friend, can bear it no longer. No one will judge him—note the play on the French title word "juste"—no one will condemn him, everyone is so understanding, he'd rather die than go on. He does.

■ **Leadbelly:** The life and truly hard times of blues artist Huddie Ledbetter, from sharecropper's farm to whore house to jail, and out and back to jail again, and again. The whites all look (and act) like the redneck sheriff in the TV car commercial, the Negroes range from noble and oppressed to tawdry and depressed, and the dichotomies are strictly black and white; but the music is beautiful, the story is (more or less) as it happened, and the acting, if larger than life, is powerful.

■ **The Magic Flute:** Mozart's ingratiating opera lovingly filmed by Ingmar Bergman. For once, a successful wedding of the two media, with all the baroque stage artifice showing boldly, most of the Masonic mumbo-jumbo of the libretto retained, and perfectly splendid acting and singing, not the least of which comes from the three lovely boy genii who spur things along in their wonderful Deus ex machina, an eighteenth-century machine-driven balloon. A magic film even for persons who don't love opera, a magic opera for everyone who ever believed in love and virtue's triumph over evil.

■ **Mr. Quilp:** Perhaps the most hideous "musical comedy" in decades, this grotesque perversion of Dickens' *The Old Curiosity Shop* stars Anthony Newley as the repugnant Daniel Quilp, with Anthony Newley's unmelodious, instantly forgettable music suffocating a deathly script. Little Nell passes to her reward in a flash, and dullards won't even know she's croaked, so treacly is the film, so stupid the interpretation, so cynical the use to which a great classic is put. Not even dumb children will like it.

■ **The Night Caller:** Jean-Paul Belmondo rescuing Paris from a deranged sickie (Adalberto-Maria Merli), whose misapplied morality and frustrated sexuality lead him, glass eye and evil sneer and breathless telephone voice and all, to butcher young ladies who've been messing around. Falsely advertised everywhere as "the best English-language thriller since *Psycho*," it is instead a badly-dubbed badly conceived French film with all the predictability of tomorrow's tirade from Idi Amin and all the ingenuity of a thousand Bondian rip-offs. Macabre, vicious, stupid.

■ **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest:** Ken Kesey's 1962 novel imaginatively filmed, with much of the cloddish heavy symbolism stripped away, directed by Milos Forman and starring Jack Nicholson in (thus far) his most brilliantly realized role. Set in an insane asylum where society's malcontents are tucked neatly away, *Cuckoo's Nest* unfolds an endless series of questions for our contemplation; among them, the obvious—who's crazy in a crazy world?—and the more subtle, like: when does help become hindrance? Nurse Ratched, the great tranquilizer and tyrant, is wonderfully delineated by Louise Fletcher. All the zanies, without exception, are superb, and Nicholson's Randle McMurphy, revolutionary of the spirit, is outstanding, a sure-fire award winner. The preview audience cheered every bit of rebelliousness and every instance of the "loonies'" triumph over authority: it is the eternal combat between freedom and order; it is a film to treasure.

■ **Smile:** Who can forget Bert Parks grinning moronically and warbling: "Here She Comes, Miss A-mer-ri-ca...."? Or the mzzzerable vultures of Women's Lib shrieking that those Miss Whatever contests are "sexist," et cetera ad nauseam? Think what you will of them, they *are* genuine Americana. *Smile* takes the phenomenon and does a juicy number on it, peeking behind the teeth and tonsils to show the tensions, hypocrisies, boosterism, pettiness, foolishness, and viciousness of such affairs. Bruce Dern plays Big Bob, the biggest optimist boob of them all, and his supporting players do well with the vapid contestants, lobotomized onlookers, and cynical promoters of a tasteless Young American Miss contest. A truly devastating slap at an important part of America: the nauseating emphasis on surface beauty and the downright sham underlying much of our popular culture. A satire with a vengeance, *Smile* parts the waters of deception and drowns us in the shockwaves.

■ **The Story of O:** A modern classic of soft-core porn, silly in its pretentious artiness, absurdly degrading even of willingly degraded women, incomparably wasteful of the fleshly talents of some of the most exquisite females ever marched across the silver screen. Infant-level psycho-sexuality, dumb-bunny kinkiness, dialogue of unspeakable affectedness, and lots of rape of the "oh, oh, it hurts, oh please sir, it hurts" variety. O.

■ **The Sunshine Boys:** Neil Simon's Broadway smash lumpishly screened, with Walter Matthau and George Burns as two old vaudevillians brought back for a tv. special, hating each other, loving their act, spoiling for a fight. Burns is remarkably authentic, Matthau isn't, Richard Benjamin as the go-between is an embarrassment, and this much-touted film falls flat as a failed soufflé. What is most painful is the realization that even an A-plus performance like Burns' is so easily swallowed up by an overblown script, buried under unfunny yuk-yuks, pickled in bathos. □

Briefly Recommended

"Godfrey Daniels!"
by Richard J. Anobile
Crown $8.95

W.C. Fields
by Nicholas Yanni
Pyramid $1.75

W.C. Fields once promised not to offer us any such "empty panaceas as a New Deal, or an Old Deal, or even a Re-Deal," because "the reliable old False Shuffle was good enough for my father and it's good enough for me." For years now, Fields buffs have been getting their own "false shuffle" in the form of books about the great grog-blossomed comedian. Most of these books were error-laden and full of apocryphal anecdotes.

Happily, the situation is slowly changing. Recent Fieldsian outpourings, while not yet error-free, are a vast improvement over some of the earlier poppycock. Two good examples of this trend are *W.C. Fields* by Nicholas Yanni and *"Godfrey Daniels!"* by Richard Anobile.

Yanni's book is part of Pyramid's paperback series on the History of the Movies. Actually, the book is more of a history of Fields, starting with his early life as a juggler and follies star, right through his film career. The critical appraisals are excellent and these, plus the almost one hundred photographs, make amends for the occasional jumblings of movie titles and quotations.

The title of *"Godfrey Daniels!"*, like that of Anobile's earlier work *Drat!*, comes from the extensive repertoire of Fieldsian epithets. Together with "Mother of Pearl," "Romulus and Remus," and "suffering Siatica," these colorful cuss-like words were the favorites that Fields used to flummox the censors. Sometimes however, the Mrs. Grundys got the upper hand; one virtue of *"Godfrey Daniels!"* is that it shows the risqué sequence from *The Dentist* which was so often suppressed.

Anobile's book uses the actual movie frame blow-ups coupled with the accompanying dialogue from four of Fields' most famous short films, *The Dentist*, *The Fatal Glass of Beer*, *The Barbershop*, and *The Pharmacist*. Although he does a masterful job of picking just the right clip to go with the film dialogue, the printed page will never exactly reflect the essence of Fields' comedy because it often depended on the precise timing of sounds and actions. Even in the thirties it was considered an "effrontery" to try to capture the flavor of Fields on paper.

The problem is obvious in Anobile's attempt to transcribe the famous scene in *The Fatal Glass of Beer* where Fields is hit in the face with a bucketful of cornflakes (snow). The sound simply cannot be described by the word "Woosh." The actual sound is close to "Pfssht" but of course no one would quite know how to pronounce such a concoction.

Similarly, *"Godfrey Daniels!"* cannot convey the moviegoers' empathy with the customer in *The Barbershop* who has just been scalded with hot towels. The exquisite moment of pain, followed by the healthy release of laughter, doesn't come through to the reader.

Nonetheless, we need more Fieldsian material, flawed or not, and Yanni's *W.C. Fields* and Anobile's *"Godfrey Daniels!"* are welcome additions to our knowledge of the man who called himself the "white hope of the Bull Moose Party in 1940."

—William H. Kelly
Northport, New York

A Rehabilitation of Say's Law
by W.H. Hutt
Ohio University Press $18.00

Professor Hútt, now at the University of Dallas, is one of the major exponents and theorists of free market economics in the United States. He is author of such classic and informative texts as *The Theory of Collective Bargaining* (1930), *Keynesianism: Retrospect and Prospects* (1963), and *Strike Threat System* (1974), issued by Arlington House. Here he writes about Say's Law and its relationship to our current economic conditions.

Jean-Baptiste Say was a French economist, most famous for his *Treatise on Political Economy* published in 1803. Previously, many people had thought that a society's economic well-being depended on its quantity of money. Say showed, however, that money was instead a halfway point, a conveniency between production and consumption. Therefore, his "law of markets" was that "supplies constitute the source of demands," that production creates its own market. Other economists came to this belief independently, among them James Mill, who wrote in *Commerce Defended*, "The production of commodities... is the one and universal cause which creates a market for the commodities produced."

Hutt, in this book, includes a wide variety of articles on the market mechanism, yet he is careful to relate them to questions about the pricing mechanism. In speaking about recessions, he says that they have been "self-perpetuating or self-aggravating" not because of cost and price reductions, but, "It has been due to the opposite—(a) resistance to co-ordinative cost and price reductions and (b) entrepreneurial recognition of the unwillingness of governments to perform their 'classical' task."

Hutt's scholarly view is diametrically opposed to Keynesianism, and this impressive study of Say's Law will be a welcome addition to the library of those seriously concerned with the state of the market economy.

—David A. Williams
Dallas, Texas

Taking Sides:
A Personal View of America from Kennedy to Nixon to Kennedy
by Richard J. Whalen
Houghton Mifflin $8.95

Richard Whalen is an intellectual activist whose career as a writer began with apprenticeship under James Jackson Kilpatrick and Vermont Royster and led him to a position with *Time-Fortune* before he cast his lot with Richard Nixon in 1966. After Nixon's nomination in 1968, Whalen left the candidate in disgust and later described his experience in a fine, prophetic book, *Catch the Falling Flag*—a book that deserved the weekly best-seller status of today's raft of Watergate tomes, but didn't get it. Like that book, *Taking Sides* is primarily analysis—but Whalen is a Cassandra. He is very good at peering into the immediate future, portraying where, how, and why things are going wrong, and what will come of it all.

Alfred Sloan remarked more than once that a problem defined is a problem half-solved; and it is here that Whalen shines. Whalen is a little short on "specific solutions," but given his analyses, they suggest themselves.

Why have things gone wrong? In sum, Whalen blames the perfectibilist, collectivist, reductionist-egalitarian, positivist worldview that has captured many of the levers of power in America. American pluralism—great varieties of private associations, lesser units of government, ethnic and religious subcultures, neighborhoods, business enterprises, etc.—is being dissolved.

But according to Whalen, the old-line liberals are not alone in the mischief. The creation of a massive national state has fostered a giant playpen for the oligarchic —be they oil barons, union bosses, or the buttoned-down professors of the education-poverty complex. In his chapter, "John Connally and the Emerging Corporate State," Whalen does a fine job of dissecting this oligarchic nature of American politics. And to the extent that this surfacing of good old greed gives the lie to a few of the pretensions of the Utopia-builders, it is healthy, and hastens the day when through politics the whole bloated bag can be punctured.

Taking Sides is, however, a collection of essays—little windows on the world—and does not have the sustaining force of a "real" book. Read it with *Catch the Falling Flag*; the two fit together, being repetitive only on Nixon and "Who Owns America?"

Where Whalen does step from analysis to advocacy, he asks for leadership. In other circumstances—without, for example, Whalen's closely-reasoned arguments as a backdrop—this would indeed seem a simple-minded answer, a cliché. But here the iconography of the Right is to be jolted, for Whalen puts forward the late John F. Kennedy as a model for leadership.

Indeed, the American political scene appears ready for a leader who can express John Kennedy's patriotic values and at least what seemed to be his clean, heroic character. But where is such a man to be found? Will the new New Frontiersman please stand up?

—Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr.
Ottawa, Illinois

Red, White and Blue-Collar Views: A Steelworker Speaks His Mind about America
by Michael LaVelle
Saturday Review Press/Dutton
$7.95

For the past few months some leading conservatives have been talking about a new political coalition—perhaps culminating in a major new party—that could sweep a conservative into the White House. Patrick J. Buchanan talks about it in *Liberal Votes, Conservative Victories*. Kevin Phillips says as much in *Mediacracy*. William Rusher's *The Making of the New Majority Party* presses the case for a union between the "economic" and the "social" conservatives, between the "pro-business, pro-free enterprise" and the "temperamental" conservatives opposed to social changes, including blue-collar workers and white ethnics.

Phillips' hypotheses suggest a rightward drift for at least one, and perhaps both parties, but not a grand realignment. Rusher's theorizing seems far removed from the realities of political psychology. And Buchanan seems determined to surmount the breach between the "social" and "economic" conservatives through sheer rhetorical energy. All three could benefit from a close reading of LaVelle's book. LaVelle's gadfly labor columns for the *Chicago Tribune* reflect the resentments and frustrations of the blue-collar world.

Of course, LaVelle is better read and hence more "intellectual" than the men who used to work beside him in the mills. But he is still not too far removed from them, despite his patronization by some of the left-liberal padrones of Chicago culture. A veneer of Rousseau can only thinly disguise the passion which underlies his political opinions, opinions which suggest how broad is the gulf between "economic" conservatism and the "social" conservatism of the blue-collar worker.

Consider: Are economic conservatives prepared to live with OSHA, with its detailed and contradictory regulations that are the bane of business, in order to protect the health of American workers? LaVelle makes a persuasive case for prolonged and pervasive federal intervention in the occupational health field. Can economic conservatives live with expensive job-training programs? Could they live with additions to the myriad rules of the Environmental Protection Agency? Are they prepared to live with a virtually unqualified "right to strike"—even, under most circumstances, for public service employees—and would they be willing to abolish state right-to-work laws? These are LaVelle's political passions, and they suggest that without a catalyst like radical violence, we are not likely to see a Grand Coalition this year—at least not in the way Buchanan and Rusher see it.

"Labor columnist" conjures up the image of a ham-fisted jock huddled about the keys of a typewriter, struggling with the disagreeable rules of an alien language—English. But this is not LaVelle. There are contradictions here—and some poor syntax as well—but there is also common sense and humor. Watch Mike LaVelle. If he can stay away from the tea-sipping circuit, he will be one of labor's most influential spokesmen.

—Martin E. Northway
Bloomington, Indiana

The Great Detente Disaster: Oil and the Decline of American Foreign Policy
by Edward Friedland, Paul Seabury, and Aaron Wildavsky
Basic Books $7.95

This book's value is considerable: leading members of America's professoriat depart from the conventional orthodoxies to insist that detente is a delusion; that the problems posed by the behavior of the oil cartel are basic ("systemic" in the authors' terminology) and so disruption of Western economies cannot be prevented through monetary measures; and that force has not disappeared as an alternative for Western countries.

While the triple authorship has resulted in some repetition, the writing is vigorous, enlivened by the use of analogies ranging from dual-control electric blankets to the illegal drug market to holdup men. A sample: "Suppose a man puts a gun in your back and cries 'Your money or your life!' and being a prudent person, you give up your money; you lose money but keep your integrity. But if you then turned to the robber and said that this encounter had brought you closer together, that his new wealth would, by reducing his sense of inferiority, increase communication, and that, anyway, it was good for your children to learn to live without money, one of you is sick; and it is not the thief."

The book argues that there are two fundamental alternative scenarios according to which the United States can shape its role. In one the United States pursues an internationalist foreign policy which involves bringing down the cost of oil by whatever means are necessary, and in the other she retreats into what the authors call "iso-populism," where self-sufficiency is the goal and the fate of other countries is of minimal concern. The authors urge convincingly that the first course is the desirable one.

By "whatever means are necessary" the authors mean in the first instance drastic conservation measures and means short of war to persuade OPEC to lower the price of oil voluntarily. If these do not work, and the authors believe they will not, then they advocate the use of force. The authors are worried about achieving a broad public consensus in support of interventionism, without which force cannot be used successfully, and their primary hopes rest upon a renewal of the Arab-Israeli conflict. If this should be accompanied by an Arab oil embargo, the authors feel the United States will have an opportunity to move directly into se-

Significant Essays

for College Students and Professors

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lected oil fields while Israel perhaps moved into others.

While it may seem unkind to cavil when one is grateful the book has been written (and published), this reviewer cannot help lamenting a certain superficiality and haste. Libya, as a glance at the map would have shown, is the country whose oil fields would be least likely to be taken over by Israel in any future Arab-Israeli war. And the authors curiously resist considering alternative scenarios in relation to Israel. They point out that one difficulty with American intervention is that the public is likely to support only short-term "hit, run and take it" operations, whereas ensuring the supply of oil at reasonable prices would require a long-term commitment of forces. But nowhere do the authors suggest an effort to use Israel as policemen following an oil takeover. Rather they talk of a regional settlement guaranteed by the great powers after a new war, the very policy the U.S. Administration pursues now with minimal possibility of success. To be sure, there are problems with using Israel to ensure the flow of oil, not the least of which might be Israel's reluctance to take on the role, and the authors could have discussed these, but there is no reason in a book of this kind to be content with such limited alternative scenarios.

The authors seem afraid of their own conclusions. While they lament the likelihood that leaders will dawdle until through desperation the public comes to support interventionism, they urge a series of preliminary efforts that would entail the very delay whose effects they deplore. And while they rely upon a new Arab-Israeli war to precipitate the necessary American action, they advocate no change from our present policy of pressuring Israel for territorial withdrawals to achieve a settlement. But if a war offers the only opportunity for American intervention, there are obvious advantages in having Israel in as strong a position as possible and in giving up efforts to postpone or prevent the next round.

A reexamination of detente and the American foreign policy of which it is a part is overdue: this book offers a promising and most welcome beginning, but, frankly, only that.

—Rael Jean Isaac
Irvington, New York

Book Review/George Carey

Independent Declarations

This book consists of 19 essays and reviews. All but two of them have been published previously as articles or as contributions to edited volumes. As such, these selections range widely in nature and scope of concern. For instance, they run from an insightful article on the political theory of Aristotle ("What Is Politics?") to a much shorter essay review "What about the Dardanelles?"—written with the apparent end in mind of lifting the shroud that surrounded Churchill for more than a generation—which deals with the salient aspects of this ill-fated World War I British venture. Only in the remotest possible sense, then, can these essays be said to fit even under the broad title, "The Conditions of Freedom"; nor can all of them very well be caught up under the subtitle, "Essays in Political Philosophy." What we have in fact is a collection of many of Professor Jaffa's major and minor essays and reviews, the vast majority of which were written in the last ten years.

Nevertheless, most of the essays do deal with perennial questions of political philosophy and, in particular, problems long associated with the American experience with self-government. Among those of special interest in this category would be: "Political Obligation and the American Political Tradition," "Reflections on Thoreau and Lincoln: Civil Disobedience and the American Tradition," "Partly Federal, Partly National: On the Political Theory of the Civil War," "What Is Equality: The Declaration of Independence Revisited," "The Virtue of a Nation of Cities: On the Jeffersonian Paradoxes," and a new "Introduction" to his previously published *Crisis of the House Divided* (1958), a work which deals primarily with the political thought of Lincoln and Douglas.

Here we cannot deal with the major essays at length because they treat their subject matter in some detail and deserve extended analysis. Yet we can say that Professor Jaffa's writings on the American experience must be understood in light of his broader theory which almost invariably takes us back to the "all men are created equal" clause of the Declaration of Independence, to the Civil War, and to Abraham Lincoln. One essay, "Lincoln and the Cause of Freedom," a rejoinder to an article by the late Frank Meyer, does provide some of the principal elements of Professor Jaffa's more embracing view of the American political tradition and, perhaps, should be read first by those readers unfamiliar with his previous work. For instance, to Mr. Meyer's charge that Lincoln bears primary responsibility for the almost complete destruction of the "Constitution in its original form," specifically with respect to the relative powers of the state and national governments, Professor Jaffa responds in part: "The genius of Abraham Lincoln consisted above all in the clarity with which he perceived and demonstrated the inner connection between free, popular, constitutional government, and the mighty proposition, 'that all men are created equal.' Questions concerning the construction of the Constitution were absolutely subordinate to the principle which gave life and meaning to the whole regime. The sovereignty of the people, Lincoln argued, was itself an inference from the primordial tenet of human equality."

The Conditions of Freedom: Essays in Political Philosophy

by Harry V. Jaffa
Johns Hopkins University Press
$12.50

The connection for Professor Jaffa, it would seem, is that national goals and commitments are to be derived from the Declaration of Independence. In his new introduction to the *Crisis of the House Divided*, he writes, "The Declaration not only implies what are the goals to be sought with the consent of the governed in a free society; it also states a theory of political obligation. Indeed, that is the immediate purpose of the document."

Throughout his discussions of the goals and rights proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, particularly that of equality, Professor Jaffa shows a keen awareness of the "tensions" between Lincoln's "capacious" understanding of our national commitment and, as he puts it, "prejudices" which sometimes prevail "in a free society precisely because the government of such a society does rest upon the opinion of the governed." Or, in other terms, "...'all men are created equal' certainly meant that the Negroes no less than whites could not justly be governed without their consent, nor by rules different from those by which white men governed themselves. But it also meant that, as an indefeasible right of self-government, the citizens of each state had the right to decide how the police powers emanating from their right of self-government were to be exercised. That the exercise of the rights of the one

resulted in the violation of the rights of the other created a dilemma." And, in the same vein, he writes of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, "The theoretical question was whether slavery was or was not inconsistent with the nature of republican government; that is, whether it was or was not destructive of their own rights for any people to vote in favor of establishing slavery as one of their domestic institutions."

With respect to this matter, Professor Jaffa, deriving our basic commitments as a people from the Declaration of Independence, perceives a profound inconsistency. Yet, it should be noted, these and other dilemmas, involving as they do the questions of the limits of majority rule, the obligations of the majority to minorities, and the whole complex issue of "national" wills versus "local" wills are inherent problems in democratic-consent theory. They are problems, moreover, that are not so easily and righteously answered once we move away from the issue of slavery. One can only wonder, therefore, to what extent Professor Jaffa's theoretical approach would yield the same desirable and morally correct decisions in other conflictive contexts which involve "the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God."

But there are clearly more important questions to be raised about Professor Jaffa's interpretation of the American experience than this. The Declaration of Independence and, in particular, the "all men are created equal" clause is susceptible to varied interpretations, not a few of which certainly appear as plausible as Professor Jaffa's. However, Professor Jaffa, no doubt aware of this, at no point—not even in his essay "What Is Equality: The Declaration of Independence Revisited"—examines or explores major alternative interpretations. And this failure on his part is no small matter given *his* argument to the effect that the Declaration sets forth our basic goals and commitments as a people. Put otherwise, a special burden falls upon him to show that the commitment as he interprets it (or even as Lincoln interpreted it) is more valid than alternative interpretations, particularly those that do not so readily yield up the same imperatives.

A more "strategic" but related point concerns the status which Professor Jaffa accords the Declaration of Independence. In his view, it seems, the Declaration

(*continued on page 39*)

The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

Have you any idea why the British delegate to the United Nations, Mr. Ivor Richard, went into such a fever when I responded to the UN's resolution equating Zionism and racism with my own resolution calling for the freeing of all the world's political prisoners? I had always thought this man to be a suave defender of the liberal ideals of equality and freedom; after all, he is a distinguished member of the Labour Party. But his outburst was more reminiscent of the garrulous tirades we have come to expect from one of those petty despotisms that live off the sweat of their sorely bullied citizens and the plunder of selected tribes and racial groupings under their dominion. What is Mr. Richard up to?

—Sincerely,
Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Dear Mr. Moynihan:

Britain's Labour Party is nothing more than an epicene Camorra. You are mistaken to consider its representatives "distinguished." When one scrutinizes the tenets of the Labour Party one sees that a "distinguished" member of Labour is no more plausible than a "distinguished" representative of a convention of pickpockets. They are a loutish pack. But this is not to say that Mr. Richard was not without serious design when he assaulted you at the UN. The Labour Government is in a terrible fix. Their policies have already practically turned Great Britain into a Western European equivalent of Ethiopia. But they are a cunning lot, and having studied American foreign policy they now are about to enter upon a dramatic new policy aimed at bilking the American treasury of enough boodle to preserve Britain's medieval economy for years to come. British Labour has noted that our State Department treats its enemies with a tender loving care which it never would extend to its friends. The capos of Labour feel that if they can act truculently enough toward us at the UN we will lavish them with aid. Ideally they would like us to invade Britain, burn down Parliament and a few other buildings which they consider superannuated, and then rebuild London roughly along the lines of Miami Beach. That is what Richard is up to. The best response I can think of the next time he harangues you is to dismiss his outburst as but another example of traditional British bigotry against Irish and Catholics. Nothing could be more galling to a Labourite than to be referred to as traditional, though they do not really mind being considered bigots.

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

These cruel rumors regarding possible extramarital pursuits between my President and women of ill-fame are positively nauseating. I don't care what William Safire and the Church Committee imply, when I was President Kennedy's right-hand person I never even heard of a Judith Inmoor Campbell or a Sam Giancana or a Marilyn Monroe. John F. Kennedy was the finest example of Catholic morality ever to step into the White House. Not until he married his beloved Jacqueline did he ever indulge in prolonged kissing or heavy petting. I know; I was there. It is obscene how they are slandering a dead man who is not even around to defend himself.

—Enraged and piqued,
Kenneth O'Donnell

Dear O'Donnell:

Be quiet. All the time that guy was President he was either going to or coming from high mass. I tired of it. Look at it this way: he might not be around to defend himself, but he is also unavailable for any further opportunities to embarrass himself. I have heard your public protestations and I take them with a grain of salt; was it not you who titled a recent tome *Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye*?

—GWP

The Public Policy

by Adam Meyerson

Busing: Musings on a Peculiar Institution

The overwhelming majority of Americans object to busing schoolchildren for racial integration. According to a Gallup Poll taken in late 1974, 80% of our countrymen—83% of the whites and 54% of the blacks—are opposed to such busing; and the opposition cuts across all regions, all ages, all levels of education, both sexes, and both political parties. Yet courts throughout the nation continue to hand down orders for school busing; Boston and Louisville will soon give way in the headlines to Indianapolis and Wilmington. Disregarding the majority will is sometimes a mark of statesmanship, of course, but it is odd that at a time when so much homage is paid to the ideal of responsive rather than statesmanlike government, a policy should prevail which is so clearly unpopular.

The oddity of busing increases when one considers its failure to achieve the goals for which it was designed. Busing was supposed to bring black and white schoolchildren together. It has done so in the South, particularly the rural South. But in the North, as James Coleman and others have demonstrated, separation of the races has increased; while there is greater integration within school districts, there are much greater racial discrepancies *between* school districts, and the "white flight" from big-city schools is in part a reaction to orders for busing. Busing was supposed to raise educational achievement for black children. But except for isolated instances where arithmetic test scores have risen slightly for blacks, there is no solid evidence that busing has had either any beneficial or any detrimental impact on achievement, black or white (see Nancy St. John, *School Desegregation: Outcomes for Children*, Wiley, 1975). Busing was supposed to help bring about racial harmony. It is too early to predict its long-term effect on racial harmony, but in the short term it has brought about quite the reverse. In Goldsboro, North Carolina and a few other small communities, desegregation has proceeded peacefully and harmoniously, but in most cities, racial tension in the schools has increased as a result of busing—often to the point of violence. Finally, busing was supposed to be part of a larger racial policy which would help remove the stigma attached to skin color, to take away from Negro schoolchildren what Earl Warren described so well in *Brown v. Board of Education* as "a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." If busing clearly led to higher achievement for black schoolchildren or to greater racial harmony, there might be a very good case for it in terms of its effect on "hearts and minds." In the absence of such obvious benefits, however, the assignment of pupils to schools according to race perpetuates the very racial stigma that proponents of desegregation hoped to eliminate.

Our continuing reliance on busing grows even more peculiar when considered in a class context. Both the 1966 Coleman Report and subsequent evaluations of its findings have shown that whatever modest gains could be expected from school integration would come more from integration of socioeconomic classes than from racial integration *per se*. And yet present busing policies seem to lead to great socioeconomic segregation. In the last two years, 17,000 white students have left the Boston public school system, chiefly to avoid busing and the disruption which has attended it—a dramatic illustration of what is happening on a lesser scale all over the country. Since the students leaving the public schools tend to come from better-off families which can afford to move to the suburbs or to pay parochial and private school tuition, school busing is increasingly coming to mean the integration of poor whites with poor blacks. In other words, although most parents object strongly to busing, only those who are better off have the option of avoiding it. Furthermore, if we are to trust Coleman, this kind of integration does neither poor whites nor poor blacks much good. These are fundamentally inegalitarian conditions, and it is both sad and ironic that they should result from a policy like busing which has such egalitarian motivations.

Now I do not intend to delve into the arcana of the court decisions which are directly responsible for most of our present busing. Doubtless there are good Constitutional reasons for going ahead with policies that are unpopular, counterproductive, and inegalitarian, and it must be said in the courts' defense that everywhere they have ordered busing they have found evidence of unconstitutional *de jure* segregation. The evidence which they have found does not always seem to warrant the remedies which they have prescribed—one wonders, for example, how the existence fifteen years ago of an unconstitutionally segregated school system in Charlotte/Mecklenburg County, North Carolina violates the Constitutional rights of black children in Charlotte today, or how, given the absence of any educational benefits, that violation is redressed by an expensive and time-consuming cross-county busing plan—but Constitutional law unfolds in its own peculiar way, and, however arrogant and destructive they may appear, most court busing orders follow logically from their judicial precedents. It is significant that it was the Burger Court, not the Warren Court, which unanimously mandated the crazy-quilt Charlotte busing plan in *Swann v. Mecklenburg*; even judicial conservatism has been subsumed by the logic of Constitutional interpretation.

The courts, then, have their own reasons for continuing to impose a policy which most people dislike and which doesn't seem to work. Since the courts operate in an elaborate system of checks and balances, however, these Constitutional reasons cannot alone explain why busing continues to prosper. If an overwhelming majority opposes a series of court decisions, its elected representatives can always amend the Constitution, and perhaps in time—it will take time—they will do so. Meanwhile, the courts are subject to another constraint: for all their judicial activism and their legislative pretensions, the courts are in one sense passive institutions. They can issue rulings only when plaintiffs have filed charges, and without the willingness of organizations to spend enormous time and energy in litigation, the courts would presumably be unable to order any busing.

And here we arrive at still another oddity. In some busing decisions, for instance the case of Louisville and Jefferson County, Kentucky, state agencies have brought suit against the school systems. But in the overwhelming majority of school desegregation suits, the major proponent of busing has been the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which, together with its legal arm, the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, has long been one of the world's most distinguished civil rights organizations. The NAACP has a remarkable tradition of combining sober argument with an insistence on the moral urgencies of reform, and its painstaking legal and educational efforts reached their deserved reward in *Brown v. Board of Education* and the civil rights acts of 1964 and 1965. In the late

1960s, when fashionable opinion glorified black violence and separatism, the NAACP bravely continued to insist on peace, on law, and on integration—even though it must have seemed that no one was listening to its arguments. It is this organization, composed of responsible and intelligent men and women of good will, with a distinguished history of civil rights accomplishments, that is most dedicated to a policy which has so little to commend it, particularly as it does not seem to be achieving its goals. How can this be?

In all fairness to the NAACP, it is important to point out that many of the defects of busing arise through no fault of its proponents. Consider, for example, the probability that busing has driven many whites out of big-city public schools and has therefore been self-defeating. It seems ridiculous to press for busing in the Detroit school system, as the NAACP has done, when only 28% of the system's students are white, and when a third of the white parents have indicated they would take their children out of the system if busing were ordered. (It just was.) The NAACP has pressed even harder, however, for extensive busing between Detroit and its suburbs, which would presumably reduce "white flight" by making it more difficult to escape integration, but the Supreme Court, in *Milliken v. Bradley*, refused to order such busing. (Ironically, the logic of Constitutional interpretation, which leads to continued reliance on busing, also limits the effectiveness of busing as a means of integration. So long as the Court continues to uphold the principle of local control [with some qualifications] of school districts as well as the right to attend private schools, there will be opportunities for "white flight.") The goal of metropolitan busing might be justly criticized for its coercive implications, but insofar as "white flight" is a defect of busing, the answer lies, as the NAACP recognizes, with more busing rather than with less.

In addition, it is easy to see how some of the problems which have convinced most people of the futility or undesirability of busing can also serve to confirm its proponents' belief in the need for busing. This is certainly the case with the violence and hostility which the policy has often provoked. A number of commentators have pointed out that, as a result of its successful efforts to eliminate dual school systems and Jim Crow laws, to pass civil rights legislation which has greatly reduced most racial discrimination, to help bring about a remarkable diminution of white racial prejudice, and even to impress upon government the need for compensatory programs to benefit blacks, the NAACP is in the awkward organizational position of having achieved most of its traditional goals, and therefore of not knowing quite what to do with itself. The campaign for school busing—with its symbolic connection to earlier, much more important, desegregation efforts or, say, to Rosa Parks' refusal to sit at the back of the bus—offers a chance to continue the great crusade, even if it leads to few practical benefits; civil rights lawyers justify their insistence on present busing in such symbolic terms, by pointing out, e.g., that twenty-five years ago black children were bused out of their neighborhoods to segregated schools. The times have changed, to be sure—in good measure because of prior NAACP achievements—and the connections often seem forced. But whatever violence results from busing, especially violence accompanied by suggestions of race prejudice, conjures up images of Little Rock and Selma, and therefore strengthens the connections in the minds of the crusaders.

Most opposition to busing, of course, has nothing to do with race. Many parents fear, not without justification, that busing will bring increased crime and tension to their children's schools, and perhaps poorer education. The local school is an important strand in the social fabric of many urban neighborhoods, and however much the term "neighborhood school" has been abused by racist demagogues, there are good reasons why people fear the disruption of their communities by busing. Moreover, many communities exercise a kind of informal control over their local schools—both directly and through their influence on elected school boards—and much of the resentment of court-ordered busing comes, I suspect, from a vague feeling that the courts have usurped this control. The ugly violence which has flared recently in Boston and Louisville has been nourished by all these fears and resentments, as well as by good old-fashioned hooliganism, none of which is primarily racial. But to the extent that there has been some racial violence—and what with all the "Nigger Go Home" signs, no one can deny that there has—the proponents of busing are confirmed in their commitment to its continuance. Nothing can rally an organization around a policy better than proof of its opponents' wickedness, and insofar as the reaction to ing evokes memories of old villains, we can expect the NAACP to persevere in its crusade.

Does all this mean that busing is here to stay, even though it is unpopular, counterproductive, and inegalitarian? Not necessarily. Busing is certainly the law of the law now, but the Supreme Court has reversed itself in the past—and might do so again. The Constitutional amendment process is long and tiresome, and would be especially divisive on an issue like this, but several Congressmen and Senators have begun to think seriously of working for amendments. Perhaps too the NAACP will change its focus. Despite the nobility of its ideals, one cannot help but wonder whether the NAACP is not misplacing its energies and resources by expending them on busing, and perhaps the NAACP will recognize this. To a large degree because the NAACP has succeeded in past efforts, the major problems facing black Americans are no longer discrimination and prejudice; instead, they are problems of education, employment, crime, welfare dependency, and so on. Education is often shockingly poor for blacks, for example, as evidenced in the uproar over the new admissions requirements at the City University of New York that applicants be a to read at an eighth-grade level. What would happen if the NAACP were to insist not on busing, which is only tangentially (if at all) related to educational quality, but on achievement of eighth-grade reading levels by the time of graduation? No miracles—there are limits to what schools can do—but such an insistence might easily do more for black schoolchildren than any elaborate busing plans. □

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

fifty serious crimes." Even Edward Kennedy has noted in the December 6, 1975 *New York Times* that "crime does pay." Today the pursuit of crime is a profession for which one need no advanced degree, no period of apprenticeship, and no special insurance. The hours are generally discretionary and one is subject to no foremen or bosses of any kind unless one joins one of the more organized branches of criminality. The tax bite is the lowest of all professions, and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration makes no demands nor does the Consumer Products Safety Commission. Enterprising Americans are taking advantage of the opportunities this field affords. The crime rate has soared, even during periods of high employment and affluence, even during recessions.

Crime is a field with vast opportunities for the young men or women who really want to get ahead, and it is apparent that they are flocking to it. There is no evidence that these criminals are significantly different from individuals in any other walk of life, a point convincingly made by Ernest van den Haag in his excellent book *Punishing Criminals*. So let us forget all of this tomfoolery about the romantic character of the criminal. Let us eschew the pap about his repressed creativity or individuality or any of the other nonsense about his sophisticated qualities, and let us get to the real injustice. The American criminal is one of the most profit-minded members of his community. He is a go-getter of the top chop and he sounds and acts like one, yet nowhere is there a place for him in the Chamber of Commerce. This is bigotry, pristine and unadorned. It cries out for government action. America, are you listening? □

Adam Smith Neckties

Worn by F.A. von Hayek, Milton Friedman, and William E. Simon. Two sizes fit all; Burgundy and Navy Blue; $10 each postpaid; $20 the set. (Classy dressers wear both colors—but not at the same time.) Decatur Shop, Box 1776, North Adams, MI 49262 USA.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." —Euripides

Current Wisdom

ROAD TO SERFDOM: Another exciting suggestion for solving New York City's contretemps, this from Robert C. Wood:

There have to be massive infusions of national and state money because cities happen to be national and state assets, and the commercial centers that New York supports between 42nd and 59th Streets and on Wall Street are things important for the nation as a whole.

The second thing is probably more theoretical or egghead. We have to seriously go back to Henry George and consider that the city take over ownership of city land.

—*New York Times*
July 30, 1975

RECENT AMERICAN HISTORY: The fabulous editors of the *Nation* characterize America circa 1968 as they repine over the present:

...no set of positive values and policies has emerged to take the place of the overt racism, anti-communism and jingoism that marked the society Cleaver once felt called upon to revolutionize.

—*Nation*
December 6, 1975

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY: Another jolt of hysteria for readers who will believe anything:

The danger that confronts us is not, as President Ford suggests, that "half of the nation will be living off the other half" by the year 2000. The reality is that 5 per cent of the nation is *now* living off—and controlling—the other 95 per cent.

—*Progressive*
November 1975

WAVE OF THE FUTURE: What follows is an authentic reproduction of a headline appearing in the *Parkersburg Sentinel*, beacon of truth for all freeborn Americans of Parkersburg, West Virginia:

Legislation to Provide Federal Air for New York City is Expected Soon.

—*Parkersburg Sentinel*
November 14, 1975

DEPT. OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY: Pedagogical ruminations of a U.S. Senator fresh from the exotic Orient:

Sen. Percy (R., Ill.), fresh from a two-week visit to China, said Monday that Chinese ethical standards are higher than those in the United States and, if adopted, could save this nation from destruction.

—*Chicago Tribune*
August 19, 1975

GOOD FRIENDS: The quality of friendship in Washington as revealed in the *Nation*, a family magazine for screaming-mimis:

Thanks to his current campaign tactics the nation is being exposed to the real Ford of whom his good friend Tip O'Neill has said: "Jerry is a lovely guy but maybe a lousy President. You have to see a lot of him to know how little there is to see."

—*Nation*
October 18, 1975

FALL FROM GRACE: One Anne Anderson of Syracuse, New York, gives evidence in the correspondence section of *Time* as to why Mr. Ford has failed to pass muster with the more astute observers of the American political system:

Doesn't Mr. President know he is supposed to set a good example for Americans? While unwanted animals are being put to sleep all over America every day his dog is home having nine planned puppies by a champion retriever that has fathered no fewer than 410 pups already.

—*Time*
October 20, 1975

METAPHYSICAL OBLOQUY: A scholarly descant on a nincompoop subject by the clinically insane, recorded in a journal thereof:

Right-wing demagogues dislike people; they basically despise the electorate. If they did not dislike people, they would not exhibit, as they often do, diabolic skill in exploiting popular fears and misconceptions. To have a talent for right-wing demagoguery, a politician needs to believe that people are stupid, craven, corruptible, and easily misled.

—*Nation*
November 1, 1975

THE ART OF SOPHISTRY: Ideological cream of wheat, as served at a famous old slop house:

Richard Nixon needed detente. He had to give the Russians something that would make it worth their while to ignore such provocations as the mining of Haiphong harbor.

—*New Republic*
September 6, 1975

HIGH TREASON: The editors of the *Progressive* squirm upon being spotted fraternizing with the enemy:

We have heard recently from a few devoted subscribers who worry that the occasional appearance of corporate advertising in the pages of this magazine may undermine *The Progressive*'s independence and integrity. "*The Progressive*'s radical credentials," one reader wrote, "become highly suspect when a full five pages in the September issue are given over to dangerously deceptive advertising by General Motors and Ma Bell."

—*Progressive*
November 1975

LOOKING BACKWARDS: The *Nation* raises up a name to conjure with on editorial pages where there is never a dull moment—or an intelligent one:

When Cyrus Eaton, America's extraordinary senior industrialist, sounds an alert, only the reckless will fail to listen. In a recent telegram to the Ohio Congressional delegation, Eaton warned that unless the federal government comes to the financial rescue of New York City and State "without further delay," the nation will be plunged into the "most catastrophic economic debacle in history."

—*Nation*
October 25, 1975

MORONS' LIB: Another astonishing moment in the moronic life of Sydney J. Harris, columnist and metaphysician:

I myself can see no objection to "children's lib," any more than to women's lib or gay lib or even, for that matter, to lab lib for laboratory animals experimented on without their permission.

—*Chicago Daily News*
April 1, 1975

MODERN THOUGHT: Enlightened musing of one of Dr. Comfort's epigones in one of the more scholarly journals of the advanced *Kultur*. Hurrah for the college-educated:

Vomiting establishes a bridge between the unconscious and conscious. The flow of energy is unique.

—*High Times*
August-September 1975

THIRD WORLD POLITICS: From progressive Nairobi, a report on advanced electoral techniques as yet unknown even to the pols of Manhattan:

An oathing ceremony allegedly conducted by the sitting Member for Nyambene South, Mr. Jacob Mwongo was a heated subject in the High Court yesterday when the advocate for the M.P., Mr. A.R. Kapila rigorously questioned the witness who made the allegation.

Mr. Rimungi Arunja claimed on Monday before the Chief Justice Sir James Wicks, Mr. Justice Simpson and Mr. Justice Todd, that Mr. Mwongo administered an oath to about 2,000 people at the home of a teacher called Mr. Muthinja of Mukuiru sub-location.

He himself was present at the oathing ceremony which Mr. Mwongo administered after stripping off his clothes so that it could be more binding and he was also among those who allegedly took the oath, he told the court.

At the suggestion of elders, Mr.

Mwongo undressed and tied some banana leaves around his waist. After this, the witness went on, the M.P. held the hind legs of a live he-goat against his shoulders and went round the crowd cursing those who would refuse to cast their votes for him.

The court was told that two other naked men followed Mr. Mwongo beating the he-goat and saying "May those who refuse to vote for Mwongo die like this he-goat". The animal was then slaughtered.

The witness said that as a result of the oath, he changed sides and voted for Mr. Mwongo instead of the candidate of his choice, Mr. Ibrahim Gachiata. He could not do otherwise because he feared the oath dreadfully, he added.

"I believe that an oath is a very dangerous thing. If one acts contrary to what he has been told, he can die and the whole of his family can die. I changed sides because I feared death," Mr. Arunja told the court.

In reply to Mr. Kapila the witness said he saw Mr. Mwongo slaughter the he-goat in the home of the teacher Mr. Muthinja.

The witness alleged that the ceremony was conducted in the compound of the teacher's house which was surrounded by a fence. He left the ceremony and went to report the matter to the police.

Answering a question from Mr. Stephen Kaai, who is appearing for the petitioner, Mr. Mathew Adams Karauri, the witness said the beating of a he-goat was done during land disputes according to Meru traditions.

The hearing continues.

—*The Nairobi Standard*
April 23, 1975

JAFFA
(continued from page 35)

stands "above" the Constitution in the sense that the Declaration provides the underlying principles of the Constitution as well as the ends toward which our constitutional machinery should move. In short, it breathes life into the Constitution. Why, then, we can ask, didn't the Philadelphia Convention in drafting the Constitution unambiguously reaffirm these principles or ends in the Preamble? Why isn't it reasonable to assume that the Founding Fathers were engaged in a different order of business than the drafters of the Declaration and that to relate them is bound to present a distorted picture of our tradition?

From these remarks it is evident that Professor Jaffa's essays are, if nothing else, highly provocative. Equally provocative for many readers interested in our contemporary situation are his essays, "Tom Sawyer: Hero of Middle America," "The Conditions of Freedom," and "Amoral America and the Liberal Dilemma." If Professor Jaffa's observations are only half right, we are in troubled times. Most certainly, the odds against the emergence of another Lincoln seem very high indeed. □

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